CANTEENING UNDER TWO FLAGS

LETTERS OF DORIS KELLOGG

Class D 640

Book K 38

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DORIS KELLOGG

Canteening Under Two Flags

Letters of Doris Kellogg

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To
My Buddie
"Al"

MY daughter, Doris, has asked me to write an introduction to these, her letters. A parent is quite liable to exaggerate the good qualities of his children. I will, for that reason be very cautious in what I have to say.

¶ The United States of America owes a debt of gratitude, that they can not repay, to the young girls and women who gave up the comforts, pleasures, and some, the luxuries of the life at home to offer their lives, if need be, that they might save the lives of some of our soldier boys. Not even the protests of a fond mother and father would swerve daughter Doris from doing what she considered her duty.

These letters do not tell of the hardships, the sleepless nights, the exhausted body, the fear and anxiety, the stirring of the tender feelings by sights too horrible to mention; sights that only strong men or women should encounter. These letters do not tell of the horrible dreams, the strain on nerve and brain, the many, many acts of kindness and the great sacrifices of her own comforts. Neither do they intimate any desire for the

thanks of those to whom she unselfishly gave assistance. If there is an after life these things that have been done in the body for a brother in the capacity of a Good Samaritan will be rewarded. Can Democracy prove a failure so long as such Americans live? Will not the aspirations of our forefathers be upheld? Will not the world at large be better for their example? Can selfishness, greed and meanness prevail here in America as long as the future children have for their mothers such individuals?

Over Half Way Across
April 4th, 1918.
SS. Rochambeau.

Dear Family:

THIS is the most glorious fun I have ever had —and as thrilling as it is glorious. We have over twelve hundred of our Sammies on board and six hundred of the Polish Legion from Fort Niagara. I have met one of the Polish Lieutenants and so know all the news of them. This boy is a dear, only 22 years, in sky-blue French uniform. There are nine First-Lieutenants, the youngest only eighteen, and two Captains. Oh, what fun! Then *our* men are so wonderful, the cream of our country—you can see that in their faces, by their hands and in many ways.There are always a couple of soldiers on guard on deck and this morning I had a great talk with a huge fellow from Oregon—he told me all about the Yukon and moose and bear and silver fox. I gave him two big Easter eggs and a package of gum. It is so interesting to watch the Poles and our men drill and take their setting up exercises. How I could go on forever talking about the men, but maybe they are not as interesting

to you as they are to me, so here goes for another subject.

¶ It is remarkable how all thought of fear has left me now that I am really " in it " and I only ache to get to France and to work with the rest of my brothers—all of us with one idea—" Over There " and " Service."

We have had a phenomenal trip, smooth sea—warm, bright days and brilliant nights, with stars above and below in the black sea, starlike phosphorous.

We have a Salvation Army troop bound for one of our Training Camps in France, loads of Y. M. C. A.'s and Red Cross men and nurses, ambulance drivers, one hundred and seventy Naval Aviators, and four women mechanics—the last being ourselves. We create much interest as being a novel and pioneer group.

We expect our convoy of six ships tomorrow as we are carrying troops. Oh, how glorious this is!

We are heavily camouflaged and have passed several other ships, the sides of all blue, black, gray, etc., but I am afraid our Polish Legion in old British uniforms of bright scarlet would give us away if a submarine were about. We have had a life-boat drill, were assigned our life-boat and place to go to on deck, in case of attack.

Let me thank everyone for their steamer letters, they meant more than I can tell and I shall always remember their messages. And thanks for the books and mechanic's soap and flowers and all.

It makes me thrill to be saluted!

Evermore love to all,

Doris.

A few days later.

P.S. I guess tonight will bring us into the War Zone. I welcome it, but shall also gladly welcome Bordeaux. ¶ As the days go by, I begin to feel more and more for our own boys in khaki, all foreigners are so queer and different. Give me the Engineers Company and the Artillery men down in the hold, they are great! Still, of course, it may be that distance lends enchantment ❧ When we land, the Poles will be met by one of their regimental bands and will march off singing. Won't it be thrilling! There is a huge camp for German prisoners at Bordeaux so we will soon have our first glimpse of them. I believe they unload our ship's cargo.

Well, I can tell you now I am just beginning to know what war can mean. So many French people have told me things with a certain look in their eyes. One woman who has her steamer chair next to ours lives in Switzerland. What she can tell about the Tommies and Poilus returning home from German prison camps in the depth of winter—no clothes but a pair of trousers, no food, horribly ill and frightfully wounded, because only the ones absolutely incapacitated for fighting are sent home ❧ ❧

I wonder if I shall see a sub, because I tell you I am always on the lookout for one. I had quite a thrill yesterday—saw a dark object under the water right near the ship—heart throbbed, eyes peered, then saw it again, but alas, or happily, the large black fin of a shark loomed up and I knew that it was no U-boat ❧

My, but it is funny how used I am getting to men! I can't predict just how long it will be, but I really think not very long, before the fascination of a uniform will *wear* off and there they will stand revealed, after all more man than hero—and they say familiarity breeds contempt. I am something of an Idealist, I find. I hope that will not all be knocked out of me, but then it does make me appreciate a *real* person when I find one ❧ We have seen no butter or dessert since boarding the Rochambeau, but our cakes and fruit have lasted beautifully so far, though they are beginning to wane now. Yes, send candy. I can see already how nicely it will fit into our scheme of life in Paris.

How I hope from the bottom of my heart that I have said nothing that the censor will object to—he is such a mysterious person and so difficult to understand.

Our last day out.

It is now 6.45 A. M. and we have been up since 5 A. M. Lots of people slept on deck all night, as this is the real danger zone, in the Bay of Biscay. The gunners, fore and aft, have been alert every instant and our guards are stationed all over the ship with spy-glasses. It is a wild morning, sharp black waves and the sun streaking through heavy, gray clouds. Just now in a clear bit of sky there is a bright new moon and morning star. Ciel! but it is marvelous. How I hate having this trip over. These ten days have been a great adventure.

When you get this letter, it will mean that I have

arrived safely in Bordeaux and you will have had my cable to set your minds at rest.

Love,

Doris.

P.S. One more P. S. Tonight we three, Al, Mugs and I, are going to sleep on deck, wrapped in steamer rugs, fur coats, with life belts and letters of credit near at hand. I guess we shall not be the only ones, as some people have done so most every night since we left New York. I have heard much pacing overhead, which continued at intervals all night long. Some one said the purser was awakened the other night by a wild rapping on his door and upon opening it he was confronted by a panic stricken Y. M. C. A. man, all bedecked in life belt, who yelled at him " Save me, save me! " There had been some blowing of fog horns and I guess, as the fellow was quite primed for a sinking, he could only think that the worst had come.

Tonight we are to have a ship concert and six of the Polish Lieutenants are going to sing their National Anthem. The Naval Aviators are to play some things on the flute, banjo, violin, etc., and there will be some rather good singing from the Y. M. C. A.'s.

The most difficult problem I have ever had is to know how much of all the interesting things that are happening on board I will be able to tell you without the bugbear of a censor interfering.

Before permanently closing my letter, really for good and all this time, let me tell you this, especially for the

benefit of Mother and Father and possibly Don; that I have never been more husky. The trouble is I am so healthy that it will take some holding to keep me down. But don't worry Mother and Father and possibly Charlie, Al is at hand to steady and guide me and she will carry me through.

The American Y. M. C. A., Hostess House.
Hotel Petrograd,
Rue Caumartin, Paris,
April 18th, 1918.

Dearest Family:

HERE I am, at last, safe in Paris. It seems too wonderful. By this letter head you will see where we are located, in a most attractive, comfortable and clean hotel. Have been more than fortunate all along with people taking us in hand and seeing about our reservations, quarters, trains, etc.

We drew up to the pier in Bordeaux at about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, amid the most stirring scenes imaginable. I was immediately struck with the two aspects which still seem to me most typical of France—soldiers and widows. All France is in uniform and I begin to feel that black is the woman's uniform as blue is the man's. We saw our first " blessés " at the railroad station in Bordeaux. The most striking was an Arab, fuzzy-haired, wild-eyed, hopping and darting about on one leg. And then there was a woman in deep

black with two terribly bent and lame soldiers on either side, wandering up and down the station platform, blind soldiers, soldiers with heads bound up and all descriptions of broken and bandaged bodies.

We are off now for the A. F. F. W. Headquarters. This was just a note to tell you that so far there has n't been a hitch in our trip. We were taken in hand by the American Red Cross at the station here and transported to this hotel until we can get located nearer the garage. ¶ So love to all and please all write me often.

Ever yours,
Doris.

Y. M. C. A., Hostess House,
April 12th, 1918.

Dear Family:

NO doubt you are wondering at my having so much time to write letters, but we are not really established as to work yet, which seems to be the usual experience of every worker coming to Paris. It will probably be a week or so before we really settle down. In the meantime, we are getting used to a real country at war. I must tell you that that fact was brought home to me most forcibly today, our second day in Paris, when we heard for the first time " le canon," the long range gun with which the Huns are shelling Paris. Mugs and I were at the bank, cashing checks, when suddenly we heard a dull explosion. It was too thrilling! but, besides us

the only one that showed any sign of a thrill was a stenographer, who gave a jump. Otherwise, no one noticed a thing but went right on talking and cashing checks as though nothing had occurred. About fifteen minutes after, there was another shock from the same direction and later, a third. Then, a couple of hours after that, I was having a shampoo and we heard three more great explosions quite near. I think the last trio fell in the Place de l'Opéra.

But now please don't worry about me any one. No one gives a rap for the old Huns here and their shells are getting poorer and poorer every day and many do not explode at all. But I will be careful to go down to the cave when we have an air raid. There are " abri " (shelters) all about, where one can go for protection from bombs and shells and wait until things are quiet again. Of course they are only used for shelter from air raids as one has plenty of warning of them. We have not had one yet but expect one any night.

Now please don't worry about me. If you could see all the wonderful people who are giving everything, with never a thought for self, you would be glad to think of me as able to do a little something as well. Death loses its terror here and everyone becomes a Fatalist.

Already I have seen all sorts of wounded soldiers, but the most dreadful today. I saw this figure of a man on the side-walk where he was selling souvenirs. He was quite normal until you came to his face—that was frightful—how can I describe it to you ! It was as though

"FOUR WOMEN MECHANICS"

a wax figure from the Eden Musée had come to life, only more unnatural and weird than that. I did not get near enough to see what had been done or what the face was made of but it looked like wax to me. It may have been flesh, but with no natural color. He was utterly ghastly. Well, I must n't dwell on the horrors, for they are so much the least noticeable part of the conditions here.

As far as living goes, people seem quite comfortable. I have never been more so in New York. We are moving this afternoon to a quaint old boarding-house in the Latin Quarter. I shall write you next from there.

We dined last night at a Mr. and Mrs. Olds' of St. Paul, who have an apartment here. There was another St. Paul man in the party, both he and Olds are Majors in the Red Cross. Major Taylor had just returned from the Front and was extremely interesting.

Love to all,

Doris.

P.S. Have not seen a soul from Buffalo yet.

9 Rue de la Grande Chaumière
Paris, France, April 14th, 1918.

Dear Family:

NOW I can tell you about our first air raid, a call on Mrs. Harries, bombardments from "le canon," and about our cozy room in the Rue de la Grande Chaumière.

I will begin with the raid. It came at about ten-thirty

on the second night we were in Paris. I was just in bed and Al was combing her hair when I heard a great explosion, as though a blast of dynamite had gone off, and said to Al: "Ah, ha! le canon again." " No," says Al, " it can't be that, because they do not fire at night." Then another, very loud and almost shaking the walls of our room. " Well, that *must* be le canon or an air raid " says I, " but it is awfully queer that we have not heard the sirens warning if it is a raid." So up we jump and go out onto our little balcony and gaze up at the sky. No doubt, now for we could see shells already bursting at a great rate above. Then the " alert " began. This consists of all the fire engines and taxis in Paris tearing through the streets and blowing their sirens and tooting their horns as a warning that the Huns have crossed the frontier. Well, Al and I jumped into our wrappers, grabbed out coats, (I am proud to say I had the presence of mind to take my purse) and, as all lights had been turned out, we stumbled down stairs by the light of Al's electric bull's eye. Everyone was down there in the cave and had taken chairs and sofas, prepared for several hours of waiting until things would quiet down again. I could not resist going out on the street just for a glimpse and saw the great searchlights sweeping the sky and heard the defense guns of Paris booming loudly overhead. It was thrilling! The thing lasted about an hour and then, after a bit of quiet, the church bells and automobile horns announced " all clear." You see, the exciting part of this raid was

that the Boche got over our lines without being seen, so that we got a bomb or so before the warning came. ¶ Now, Mother and Father, I won't go out again, so don't worry. I always intended to see one raid, but am not so foolhardy as to take another risk. I really won't. ¶ This afternoon Al and I called on Mrs. Harries. She and Mr. Harries were charming and I can't tell you how wonderful it was to talk with them and to be in the atmosphere of a real American home. Mr. Harries told us if we ever needed help or advice to come to him. I also found that Mrs. Rummell lives right around the corner from them and is expected home from the South next week; also that Dr. Crosser is preaching over here in the Latin Quarter every Sunday night, and that Gay Ramsdell Kimberly lives only about a block from us. Mr. Harries feels confident that Paris is safe, will not be evacuated, though a couple of weeks ago, he said, things looked quite serious. You have no idea how much safer one feels over here in Paris than you would think possible in America—it is not a bit scarey and we are quite comfortable.

Le canon is more nerve-racking than the raids, though less dangerous, for you never know where the thing will hit and that makes it jumpy.

As for our quarters here at No. 9, they are very cozy. Al and I have a double room overlooking our tiny court and also the roof garden of a convalescent Hospital for American Officers. We could talk across to the men, and maybe will, when it gets warm enough to be so

much exposed. We have a great little fireplace, and buy our own wood, which comes in neat little packages which we carry upstairs ourselves—buy it a few doors from here. Our chocolate and bread is served in our room every morning and for dinner there are many picturesque and good little restaurants near by. Tonight Al and I stayed in for supper. Al is sitting before the fire now, eating that soft " double crème " cheese that comes in little round packages. You mix it with confiture and spread it on war bread. If it were n't for the devilish Huns we would be happier than queens. But after all, the danger probably adds something to our joy in life, though we may not realize it.

I met Tom Ramsdell the other day and he asked me to have dinner with him and Livingston Fryer.

As for our work, we are still on the waiting list, but are not discouraged as everyone seems to have the same experience getting started. There is so much to be done that it seems terribly difficult to get things disentangled

Tell Don that I don't believe there is anything here for him. Nothing in any case except with the Red Cross and I am sure he would not want any job there. Then Paris is terribly damp and I really don't think he could stand it with his asthma. Most of the boys who were in the Red Cross Ambulance work have joined the Army. Jack Kimberly has just passed his examinations for the Artillery and is an officer—passed one of the highest in his class.

I am going to drop Jim Coatsworth and Ted Knight a note now.

Saw another man with a made over face today. Oh Jove, it was terrible! But he was being led, stone blind, so it was really a blessing for him not to know how frightful he is.

We are getting to know so many very nice people here. You see, between four of us, we have quite a circle to move in.

Now please, people, don't worry about me. Be Fatalists and trust to luck and consider that it is really more dangerous to cross Fifth Avenue of an afternoon than to be in Paris now. I shall write often and trust you will get my letters, though I know mails are horrible. ¶ Must tell you one more thing. On the first day we arrived here, Betty Aimes, a friend of Al's, met me with this news and a letter for me from a young Poilu: one night she was down at the Gare du Nord giving out comfort bags to men leaving for the Front, and as she handed one to this lad, she told him to open it and see if there was any note inside. He did so, and there was a card from me. They were both terribly excited and she told him I would soon be in Paris, so he wrote me an awfully nice note. I have answered it and am going to send him some cigarettes tomorrow.

Much love to all,

Doris.

Rue de la Grande Chaumière,
Paris, France,
April 28th, 1918.

Dear Family:

TODAY is Saturday and so far has been as quiet as a lamb. I mention this fact because this was the day that we all awaited breathlessly, having been warned that the Germans intended bombing and shelling Paris every four minutes, beginning early this morning. Also that the neutral Embassies had been warned to leave and that Paris would probably be evacuated. And now that nothing has occurred we hear the rumor spreading that this scare was all German propaganda, which is no doubt the truth.

A huge Red Cross Pierce truck has just delivered a Ford chassis at our garage for us to assemble, and we 'll go at it Monday morning. That will open our official duties, I think. Al gave her finger an awful smash, so she is out of it for a day or so, but by Monday will be quite fit, I hope.

This week we have been packing at the Alcazar. I wish you could see the bales and bales and boxes and boxes and boxes of supplies and clothing that have been sent from there to hospitals, and to the Gare du Nord for the refugees who are streaming through Paris. Two girls are always on duty there to hand out the things, as well as to give a supper of bread and cheese, confiture and chocolate to the poor weary souls. One night

we went down just to have a look and I can tell you we saw something. The most pathetic souls came streaming in, old, young, sick and of every station in life. One woman just wrung my heart—she was about forty, had the most beautiful little girl of about two, and twins not more than a month old. Talk about the mother instinct! She illustrated that, I assure you. She was so dead tired that she could not even smile at us, just too dragged and weary; but, she hovered over those babies like a mother bird and bathed their feet and hardly took her eyes off them for an instant. I thought of Gert and how she would adore that little yellow headed sunshine of a girl. I only wish I might have bought her. The poor souls were so hungry that they ate with great relish and seemed to sort of cheer up when they got food into themselves. One old man was so dazed he had to be led and put to bed by the Gendarmes, who, by the way, are the spirit of kindness.

¶ Yesterday, we had a bit of excitement. We were walking along Boulevard Madeline when we noticed everyone gazing at something passing on the street and upon our following suit we say a German aeroplane being hauled along behind a truck. It was full of holes and looked like a great wounded fish. I said to a man, "What is it?" and he answered with the most bitter voice, "Sale Boche," ("dirty Boche").

We are so happy here and it is so interesting. We love our home and the cozy places where we eat. But by Jove! it has been frightfully cold. We've almost frozen

to death—which is an exaggeration, but has more than two-thirds element of truth in it. And Mother, dear, your " charmante " pair of socks have come in so nicely. I 've worn them every night, and think of your nice smooth hands a-knitting them every time I put them on—that was labor well done.

I got such a nice Easter card from Mrs. Mann. It was so thrilling to get something from home—thank her for me, please. But that is the one and only word I 've had. Please turn over a new leaf folks—and you know a cable now and then would not be scorned by me. I find that one gets very, very hungry for news of home.

¶ George Rand has been so nice and has done me some good turns. I had a note from Mrs. Freeman asking me to drop in to see her, and Mrs. Jack Kimberly came over to see me the other day.

Tonight Al and I are going over to the other side (that means the other side of the Seine) and have dinner at the Y. W. C. A. Hotel and also take a room for an hour so that we can have a hot bath. Is n't it killing? There is " pas de bain " here and one either has to go to the public bath nearby, or be content with a sponge bath. I hope we shall succeed with this plan of the Y. W. C. A.

¶ Well, everyone, I must close. With love to all,

Doris.

Rue de la Grande Chaumière,
Paris, France,
Sunday, April 21, 1918.

Dear Family:

THIS letter business is getting to be a continual performance, but I have had the time so far to write more than I feel sure I shall be able to later, so I had better make hay while the sun shines.

We have just had a marvelous day at St. Cloud. Took the train out and walked from the station across the hills to Sevres, where we had déjeuner. It was a glorious day and everything was tender green. Oh, how Mother would have loved the tree trunks, all covered with gray-green moss, so cool and restful. The woods were full of wild flowers and every now and then a wonderful bird would sing. It was quite dream-like.

The next day—Monday eve.

I am sitting cozily before our wood fire waiting for Al. We are going to have supper in our room, and before me is a table laden with sardines, Gervais cream cheese, confiture, petit pain and bouillon cubes for soup—on the coals is a little tin with hot water for the cubes—it is too cozy. And by Jove! but I am starved. We 've put in a good day at the garage setting up the messiest Ford chassis—it was absolutely covered with rust, had probably been out in the rain for weeks and the dampness had all soaked through the crate.

We have it all ready to test out tomorrow morning. ¶ There is a most charming French girl working at the Alcazar, her name is Germain Wagner and she is a friend of Lucy and Dorothy Stockton, also knows Dorothea Lewis well. Sunday, Al and I went to her house for tea. It was quite nice, and so interesting to be in a real French home—but sad too, for both Germain and her mother are in deep mourning for someone. And the house was all closed wth the exception of the dining-room, which seemed to serve as general living-room of the apartment. We had cold meat, hot chocolate and slices of war bread which Mrs. W. cut from a huge loaf there at the table. Then, the inevitable confiture on bread—that is the only sweet one ever gets here now. ¶ You know we get wild sometimes to know the war news as we used to at home in America. We hear much less of the war than you do over there, though heaven knows it is brought home to us pretty vividly in other ways. Yesterday on the metro there were three young fellows standing next to me—all fine, strong and well built, but their faces the most terrible sights you can imagine. One's face was bandaged across the nose, which you could easily see was absolutely gone, and the upper lip all drawn in—he had to breathe through his mouth. It was awful! But I suppose later he will have a false nose and will probably think himself quite nice looking, as I have been told so many of the mutilés do. The other two were all wrong, as to jaws, chins and mouths, and when the metro jerked and we

all got squashed, everyone smiled and those two poor fellows' faces were ghastly.

Wednesday, April 24, 1918.

You will be interested to hear that today we went up to Mrs. Maynard Ladd's studio to see the work she is doing, making masks for these terrible mutilés. She is a well-known sculptress in America and when I heard of her work here and that she took her meals at our dear Henriette's, I resolved to speak to her and ask her if we could n't go to see her work some time. So, the other day, my intuition told me that that was Mrs. Ladd seated at the table next to ours. I went and spoke to her and we had a thrilling talk. The next day, being today, four of us called at her studio. She makes a plaster cast of the mutilated face, then models a portrait from that and from photographs taken of the patient before being wounded. A metal mask is made from the portrait and Mrs. Ladd paints that in oils, adds moustache—and voila! there is a characteristic and sensitive covering for a face otherwise horrible beyond description. Some of the casts were too frightful—great holes in the middle, no nose, jaws or eyes. Of course, most of these men have to be fed through tubes, and in some cases, smoke through their noses. The faces in the circular are the least ghastly. Please carefully guard this pamphlet for me.

Oh, really I say, hang these " sale " Germans. We had the siren alarm for an air raid last night at 11.30. Al and I had just gotten warmed up in bed, when, worse

luck, up we had to jump, hurry into our coats and thread our way down to "Le Cave." My! but it is a damp hole, and we were the only English-speaking people there. The French are more nervous and I guess they get quite worked up—but the calm, old American won't be bothered with getting out of bed and just sleeps through it all. Last night the Paris defense barrage scared the Huns off and they did n't cross the lines; so after shivering for about an hour, we got bored and went back to bed. Then a little after one the "All Clear" horns and church bells sounded and we dropped off to sleep. After all it was rather a valuable hour, because I chatted with the Frenchies and had a lesson "trés bon marché." I wonder how long it will be before we become as blasé as the other Americans, and fail to arise and walk when the siren screams. ¶ We have a French woman come three times a week to give us lessons in conversation and find it quite helpful. I took my first one last night and I gave Madame the contents of my purse to help out the refugees who live in the same house with her. I 've never heard such pitiful tales in my life! and Madame almost takes the cake herself. Her husband was torpedoed and killed on the "Sussex"—then a little later her baby was born and died last winter, a year old, of pneumonia, because she could n't get any coal for a fire. Then, when the baby was dead, she laid it in the coffin and nailed down the cover herself. The thing has almost made her lose her mind. If you could see her

and talk to her your heart would break. She has seen three shots from " le canon " strike and when I asked her if she was afraid she said, " Oh, no, le canon only kills people who have someone to live for." I tried to tell her that everyone was needed in the world and that she could n't measure her value here, and that made her open up, tell me about these refugees she helps as much as she is able. We 're going to take her out to dinner soon and give her a feast.

We towed the chassis around the block today but she would n't start—she is too rusty, I guess. Tomorrow we 're going to get inside the little power plant and see what ails her.

Love, love to all. No word yet, and I do die so to get a line.

Doris.

P. S. Saw Harry Smith yesterday and sent many messages home by him.

9 Rue de la Grande Chaumière,
Paris, France,
May 5th, 1918.

Dear Family:

I SAY absolutely H!!!—this waiting around while the fate of organizations is being decided is getting to be an awful bore. You see the Red Cross and the A. F. F. W. are still bickering as to the future position of small funds, such as this same American Fund for French Wounded. In the meantime they have not enough motor work to

keep us decently busy. We have set up one Ford chassis and she runs like a sewing machine; and then have done odd jobs around the garage. The Fund expects to get more motors from the Red Cross and keeps us on in that hope, but we want to be released and go in for Red Cross motor or canteen work. If you only knew of the red tape, etc! it is quite discouraging. We hope for some speedy settlement of our situation and, in the meanwhile, have a fine friend in Major Olds of the R. C., a St. Paul man, previously with the firm of Kellogg, Severance & Olds, of St. Paul. He has our welfare at heart and has been great to us. The other night we had dinner with Major and Mrs. Olds and an attractive Lieut. McFarland. McF. was in Paris for a day on his way South from the Front and was so interesting; is a balloon observer in the Signal Corps. Last night we had the Olds here to dinner in our little room. Great fun! Our landlady furnished the steak, "pommes sauté," and made a salad for us. Then we made our own after dinner coffee and some fudge on our little sterno stoves. The sugar I brought from America came in very nicely.

Yesterday, being Sunday, we did a bit of sightseeing. Visited Notre Dame, Montmartre and St. Etienne du Mont. We lunched at Café de la Paix and I tell you that was a meal. Paris swarmed with American soldiers, the streets were full of khaki, and we laughed so at our boys, they were so open-eyed and amazed at the city sights. Sunday is the great day here, all the officers

and soldiers are prinked up to a finish and promenade the streets. There are some magnificent specimens, I can tell you, especially the French Chausseurs with their black tams and dark blue coats covered with medals. I am getting so used to the wounded that we hardly notice the difference now between a man who is whole or otherwise.

Had an interesting time down at the Gare du Nord helping distribute clothes to the refugees, and saw some more heartrending sights. There was one mother with three children, the youngest an infant of 14 days; then a young girl 18 years old, refugee from Calais, who simply haunted me and would n't leave me alone—she wanted so to talk to me. Later she told me that I reminded her of the young English boy she was going to marry, said he talked exactly like me. She said that she and her sisters and little brothers had had their home bombed to the ground while they were in their cave, and when things got quiet enough they had run away, leaving everything behind. " Her man " is in the trenches now but is coming South to marry her soon. Poor child! when I gave her a few clothes to wear she was so happy. ¶ Ruth, I have n't seen Mrs. Rummell yet but won't forget the bag and will try to see her soon. ¶ Heavens! but it is chilly and damp here. We have a fire most every night but otherwise never feel really warm as in America, it is very different. I had quite a time getting acclimated, with colds and a bit throaty, but seem to be all settled now and feel great.

We wore our uniforms for the first time yesterday and looked quite " comme il faut "—dark blue serge, large side and breast pockets, black leather belts, A. F. F. W. in French blue on our shoulder straps and on the lapels a blue wing with a small red cross in silver underneath, stiff black sailor, and boys' shirt with black tie. I really think I don't look very funny, as I expected to.

Ruth, tell any of the girls that want to come to France that I advise them to come with the Red Cross, for they need canteen workers badly and everyone over here who is doing that is simply crazy about it. In many cases girls who have come with other organizations have had fiendish times, their work misrepresented to them, and they found they had really been brought over under false pretense.

Many days later. Friday.

" Tomorrow, why tomorrow I may be "—you see Al, Mugs and I have decided to go to Mrs. Lathrope in a body and ask to be released from the A. F. F. W. We have no work to hold us with this organization and so have decided to go in for canteening with the Red Cross. It will be too wonderful to really get to work after being just half busy these past three weeks.

Sunday.

After a severe pull we broke loose from the A. F. F. W. and tomorrow go to the Red Cross to be assigned to some canteen. Everyone is crazy about the work and the Red Cross seems to want us as they say we are

just the sort they 're looking for. They could use one hundred fifty canteeners at once if they could get them. We may go to a hospital camp, a railroad station canteen, or any place else that is to us unknown, but my! it will be great to be under orders at last. We will keep these same blue A. F. F. W. uniforms, but with U. S. and a red cross on the shoulders, a blue strip on the lapel and a red cross on our black sailors. While working we wear blue aprons, white collars, cuffs and coifs. More of this after tomorrow.

I wish I might in some way give you an idea of Paris during these wonderful Spring days, and the excursions in and about here which we have taken the past weeks. I have never been so in love with any other city. We have seen and admired so many things that I can't begin to write about them, but I can tell you that I have never in my life had such a satisfying time, and I fairly burst with all this beauty. The Bois is paradise, Versailles a dream (though all but the gardens are full of war trucks and such like—I saw hundreds of Pierce Arrows standing in rows) the Latin Quarter a chapter from a novel (with the studio where Trilby posed just across the street from us) and every inch of Paris too good to be true. Oh! it is all so glorious.

Ever lovingly,

Doris.

P.S. I have had five letters so far that you have forwarded, Mother, but none from the family and I am dying to hear.

Rue de la Grande Chaumière,
Paris, France,
May 9, 1918.

Dear Family:

WE asked a Danish opera singer and Germain Wagner to supper in our rooms last night. Had a circus and made their eyes open with a basket of those luscious "fraise du bois." Germain is a dear and is loads of fun. We are going to have a picnic in the Bois Sunday.

While roaming about the funny little streets over on our side of the river today we came upon Academy Julian, the famous Art School, and went in to see an exhibition—it was quite nice and full of atmosphere. Am reading Du Maurier's "Martian" and find it fascinating. We go about looking for the places mentioned in the story.

And now before long we have to really get down to hard tack. I 'll tell you all about our plans as soon as I know what 's going to happen to us.

With love to all. Have n't heard from anyone but Dunbar, Nat S. and several French soldiers.

Doris.

9 Rue de la Grande Chaumière,
Paris, France,
May 11, 1918.

Dear Family:

CAN you believe or conceive of our joy now that we are at last signed up heart and soul with the American Red Cross? We are to do canteen work, but where or when we do not know yet, as it will be several days before our papers, which allow us to go into the war zone, can be obtained. It is the most wonderful feeling to be connected with a real organization and to wear a U. S. and red cross on one's shoulder.

And now let me tell you the most thrilling thing that has occurred to me since landing in France. Last night in all our new regalia of insignia, we started out for "Henriette's" for supper. There were two Poilus sitting on a bench beside the sidewalk, and when I looked at them it seemed to me they saluted—I could hardly believe my eyes, and really did n't. Then today Al and I were walking along the Champs Elysées, when unmistakably, a Y. M. C. A. man presented me with the noblest salute in the world. I was panic-stricken and just feebly smiled and bent my head. When a few minutes later another salute came along I was as weak as a rag—really still am. What am I to do about it? I 'll have to call on Major Olds and find out the proper Red Cross etiquette in such a case.

But the big thing is that, at last, we are located and can

go to work. And how tremendously we are needed! They tell us that before long there will be three jobs for every woman in France, it is getting to be such a problem to get women over now.

We ordered our blue aprons, white cuffs, collars and coifs today and I bought a small canteen trunk with large red crosses painted on its sides.

Al and I walked almost up to the Arc de Triomphe this afternoon and how glorious it was. All the while Al and I were conjuring up characters from " The Martian." The horse chestnut trees are in bloom and the flowering shrubs and flower-beds are so gay and cheery. Down by the Madeline the flower-booths that surround it make brilliant patches of color, while the officers uniforms of scarlet, " bleu claire " and tan give the finishing touch to this great picture of Paris.

I look every day for mail but am not too impatient as I have made up my mind not to fret if I do not hear from you all—mails are so difficult. We got a box of candy today from St. Paul and it is great.

Tomorrow we are going to take a picnic to the Bois—hard boiled eggs, ham, " petit pain " and cheese. That sounds good to us. You know we have forgotten what butter is like but really don't miss it a bit.

We are meeting so many interesting people and are making the most of a restful, happy time, for when work commences it will be stiff and steady going, I reckon

Met Mrs. Harries the other night and she told me that

Mrs. Rummell has not returned yet, so I 'll take the bag up to Mrs. H. and leave it there, Ruth.
Now, I must close as dinner calls me—" Henriette's " again. Do you know Trilby used to eat there too?
We are all as healthy and happy as can be—but oh ! for a good husky job!
I think of you all so often and many times I persuade the girls to listen to long eulogies in your praise. Horrible fact that I have none of your photos to exhibit to my friends.

Hurrah for our new job!
Trembles for the salutes!
Three cheers for Paris!
And love to all,

Doris.

9 Rue de la Grande Chaumière,
Paris, France,
May 15th, 1918.

Dear Family:

OH! I almost wept for joy when I found your cable here for me—it is the first word I 've received from the family and it was just too wonderful. So you 've written me ten letters —well, perhaps I 'll get some of them today, as we expect a mail in this morning.
It is about 8 A. M. I am sitting at a table by a large French window, wide-open—the sun is brilliant and all the caged canaries in the neighborhood are singing

madly. Straight ahead of me, through an aisle of quaint houses and the morning haze, I see the Pantheon, silhouetted against the sky. It sets me thinking of all the great, old French writers and scholars buried deep down in its crypt—Voltaire, Rousseau and others whose names I can not remember. If they were living now they would probably be very active " sassing " the Germans.

¶ When we moved over here and chose this " high-up room " we were warned that the ones lower down were more desirable on account of the Gothas. But we loved the view, were bored with the Hun aviators, and anyway were quite resigned to " descendre au cave " when the warning came. And now how we can crow about it—only one air raid to oust us out of bed and all this lovely vista of trees and housetops and Pantheon to feast upon. Oh! not to mention the roof-garden of the "American Officers' Convalescent Hospital," whose chief use in life seems to be that of serving as background for snapshots of soldiers by nurses.

Ruth, when you see Felici, will you tell her that I saw Dr. Crosser the other evening at Henriette's, and he said, " Oh, how is little Sincky? " He preaches over here at some place, and every Sunday evening Henriette's has the novel experience of being flooded with elderly Christians, returning from Church—I wonder what Trilby would have thought. Dr. C. invited me to see him at the University Club when he returns from the Front, where he has now gone to work for some time in a Y. M. C. A. hut. Also asked me to remember

him to you, Pop. Was n't he " comme il faut " not to send any messages to the ladies?

Thanks for the cable. It was the greatest joy I have had for weeks.

Your loving,

Doris.

P.S. I guess the long-range guns have been silenced all right. We have n't heard them for days.

9 Rue de la Grande Chaumière,
Paris, France,
May 19th, 1918.

Dear Family:

STILL in Paris but with a real job at last. We are to go to a Red Cross cantine in the French War Zone, to work with the French soldiers. I think I had better not mention the name for fear of the censor, but I 'll just say that we will be right in the thick of things and in one of the most beautiful spots of France, with forests full of wild flowers and fraises du bois and a beautiful old historic chateau to revel in. We are only waiting for our papers which allow us to go into the War Zone, and then—but I 'll write you all details from there.

Now we are working in the Casualty Department, Red Cross Headquarters, 4 Place de la Concorde. It is exceedingly interesting, but gruesome too. We file the inquiries of people who are trying to locate or have some news of men in the A. E. F. All day yesterday I

made out records of men " Killed in action "—" May 10th : Died of wounds received in action "—" May 10th : Died of gas poisoning," etc. And then we read letters from parents begging for help in finding their boys and so on. It makes one realize something of the suffering going on in America now. We work from nine to twelve —from two to six. It is such a relief from our boring inertia of the past weeks.

This morning Al and I went to high mass at Notre Dame. It was a magnificent service with a Cardinal who swept down the center aisle, attended by many gorgeously-gowned priests and choir-boys. As he passed along, the congregation kissed a wonderful sapphire ring which he wore. Then there was special music, with the most beautiful boy soprano I 've ever heard. The organ fairly shook the walls and ceiling with its music which seemed to pour from every inch of the cathedral. It was thrilling. But one did miss the great stained glass windows, which have been removed for fear of air raids.

We had dinner the other night with Mr. Bobbett of St. Paul. He has taken the most adorable apartment imaginable near the Faubourg St. Germain, up on the top floor of a beautiful old building and right under the eaves. It belongs to an artist and is furnished with rare and lovely antiques. The dining-room is so picturesque —a black and white checkered marble floor, old oak furniture and black marble fireplace. We had a cozy time, just Bobbett, Al, Mugs and I. Later in the evening

we went in to see some friends of Mugs who have an apartment in the same building. We had no sooner seated ourselves in their library than a far-off wail of the siren was heard. Heavens! another beastly air raid. It takes no time for the "Alert" to resound throughout Paris, and we rushed to the windows to watch the fire-engines which carry the sirens, go by. This attack proved to be more or less of a fizzle as the Gothas couldn't get through the barrage, so after about an hour the Paris church bells sounded "Berlot"—all clear—and we "beat it" for home through the pitch black streets. Paris is more romantic than ever in these war times.

Everyone is dining or lunching us before we leave town. We had an awfully nice time at Germain Wagner's. Their apartment is beautiful and she is a dear. Also her brother is most attractive, very musical and artistic and good looking. He was on the "Bourse" (stock exchange) before the war, but has for the last six months been in a sanatorium for lung trouble. He is trying for the aviation but I guess they won't take him. They have a wonderful large home at some place in the country

Lunched with Mrs. Rummell and Frank the other day and was delighted with Frank's paintings; some of them are splendid.

Had tea with Mrs. Harries and Harriett Bissell. Dr. Crosser was there in his new Y. M. C. A. uniform and looked very handsome.

We are all waiting breathlessly for the great German drive. When will it come? How far will they push on, if at all? Can they get to Calais? Will they take Amiens and when they resume their offensive will they also resume their long distance shelling of Paris? You can imagine the tension. That is one of the things that impresses me as being so different here from at home—the tension before a drive. We all get ready for it, wonder about it, talk about it, and everyone seems to become grave and determined and grim. You see Paris is a much more serious place than ever before. All the frivolous people have left, nine hundred thousand of them, they say, and those that have remained mean business ☙ ☙

But of everything that has impressed me here in France, can you guess what has struck me most forcibly? Well, it 's the free and easy, out and out flirting between the sexes. It is too killing. You get into the Metro—many couples billing and cooing, holding hands, breathing sweet compliments in each other's ears. You walk in the Bois—innumerable groups of two all over the place reclining in each other's arms, embracing, etc. You go to restaurants, ditto; movies, ditto; and so on. It is too funny. I hate it. You know I can't stand the attitude between men and women here at all. The men treat the women just as though they were only made to be a plaything and the silly women love it. I think we English and American women may do something more for France than war work if we can sow some seeds of

social conscience in the French women's brains. ¶ Well all—I must dash off some more letters. I watch with burning eyes for word from you all.

Ever lovingly,

Doris.

P. S. I have had one letter from Pa and two from Mother.

Rue de la Grande Chaumière,
Paris, France,
May 22d, 1918.

Dear Family:

I AM as happy as a bird tonight. And why, you wonder? Oh! it is because as I was bending over my desk in the Casualty Department this afternoon, Al appeared with five wonderful letters for me. One from Mother, one from How and Gert and Don and one from E. Sullivan in Geneva. I am as happy as a lark over them. Gert's I devoured between times as I worked and it was so dear and awfully amusing that I roared out loud. Then I browsed over How's as I ate cozily at Henriette's tonight—how I loved all the news about fillies and foals, etc. And Don's was juice itself as regards "goings-on" with pretty and snappy demoiselles. Mother's was the fine, gossipy, meaty and utterly satisfying kind that she always writes; and all in all, it was a catch, that little mess of news.

It is very interesting in the Casualty Department. We

file records of prisoners of war, wounded, killed, etc., and the insight we get into the hearts of the soldiers and their loved and loving ones " back home " is an experience to have had. It is about like having an office job in Washington, I imagine, only of course so much more interesting. My stars, but I was dead tired after work tonight. It is so hot and all, but the satisfied sense of having put in a long hard day of helpful work is more than enough to compensate. Our Department is what they call the " Home Communication Bureau," and it is growing by leaps and bounds. I hardly see how the Red Cross will be able to handle it soon.

As I sit here in my open window this evening, I hear the familiar buzz of the " Defense of Paris " aeroplanes over my head. They are the most picturesque objects up there in the sky. Sometimes I imagine them huge birds, but at other times they seem like great ships sailing in the blue. After it gets dark, we see the funny, clumsy " Saucisse " balloons which are sent up with cables attached to entrap enemy planes during the air raids.

How fast and thick our boys are coming over! Everyone I see who has just arrived brings tales of ships full of Sammies being poured into France. I wonder if Junior will soon be over and if he has my address and will drop me a line so that I can write him. I 'd like to know where to locate him.

You know that now we are part of the American Army and subject to Military Law and orders. Are with the American Expeditionary Forces. It is great!

Next day.

Last night there was another attempted air raid on Paris by the Germans but I guess they did n't get past the barrage. However, it was mighty exciting and about the noisiest one we have had since I 've been here. Al and I were having a little supper of cheese and confiture before retiring, when we half heard, half sensed, way off in the distance, the siren. Could anything be more irritating? We were awfully sore and bored. So we calmly went on with our cheese and the sirens went on swelling. All would have remained very pleasant had not the lights suddenly been turned off so that there was nothing for us to do but put on coats, take our searchlight and step over to the open window to observe the " doings " and " fireworks." Out boomed the defense guns, up in the sky shells burst like rockets, and faint white streaks from the searchlight swept through the night.As our eyes became accustomed to the dark we picked out two huge " Saucisse " waiting and watching, and then after a bit the purring of our own planes way over head. It is really a wonderful thing, these night thrills. After a bit the guns quite near us began bursting forth, and we thought it was time to descend to the first floor. But you know it is awfully strange, how calm and tranquil one can feel in the midst of these raids—finally you get so bored, and what 's more, sleepy beyond control—you just say to your friends, " Well, I have a feeling that they won't get over tonight, and I for one am going to retire. You

might rather be killed by a bomb from a Gotha than to die of a cold or ennui." So we decided to quit the cave, stumble back to our pitch black rooms and I roll into bed. But Al stands firmly in the window, a little forlornly to be sure, and says to me a bit peevishly, " I don't see how you can go to bed now, when all this excitement is going on, I 'm awfully thrilled." Well, thrilled or no—just as I am dropping off to sleep, and as the guns are booming their loudest, I vaguely hear Al fall heavily into her bed and no doubt she is asleep before she really touches the mattress.

Pa, I got your letter this morning. I loved it so, but as far as my horrible handwriting is concerned, please have someone type my epistles before you have to struggle over them. I know my writing is terrible beyond description, but I really can not help it and am always in such a hurry that that makes things even worse. I 'm awfully sorry for you all.

My heavens! but it 's warm and we did have a long day at the office. Now I can sympathize with real working girls and men. This steady grind is no joke. But you know between whiles the exciting thing that I had planned for myself for tonight came to me and spurred me on to Herculean efforts. And what was the party I was dreaming of? Well, I bought seven francs worth of " fraise du bois " and two pots full of " creme de Normandie " (in my own behalf, let me say that the pots were very small). I fetched them home to No. 9 and what I did n't do to those little babies! I made a

meal of them absolutely and I 'll never forget or regret that feast. Let Ruth describe such a mess as this more fully ☙ ☙

Now I must go to bed, for we must be up by seven to get over to 4 Place de la Concorde by nine.

Good night,
Doris.

Hotel Metropolitan,
Rue Cambon, Paris,
May 31st, 1918.

Dear Family:

WE eagerly follow the German drive, and everyone thinks and talks of nothing else. Yesterday "le canon" was much in evidence, and last night we had a peachy air raid which we watched from our window. All this is very war-like. But today we had a glimpse of the *real* thing. Al and I went out to the American Ambulance at Neuilly to see Mrs. Vanderbilt (W. K.) and ask her if she would n't give us some temporary work out there until our papers came. She is the head of that marvelous hospital as well as our canteen boss and is a wonder. She took Al and me all through the building, which is enormous—1200 beds—and we were weak-kneed at the suffering of all those poor boys. The hospital is jammed full with beds in all the halls and corridors, but I saw the most pathetic sight of all on one staircase and landing, where a crowd of boys in dirty and torn

khaki were sitting and lying, just off the ambulances and waiting for the nurses and doctors to attend to them. Their eyes were the saddest thing to see. We looked into one of the operating rooms and Al saw the surgeon taking shrapnel from a boy's leg, the joints of the hip-bone all exposed. I did n't look long enough to take in what was going on. We talked to the boys and they seemed so glad to see us.

And tomorrow we are to report out there early to do any kind of work we are asked to—give drinks to the boys, cheer them up, make beds, etc., etc.

Now I 'm going to bed to be rested for " demain," so " bon soir."

June 1st, 1918.

Ciel ! but my first day in a hospital has been an eventful one. We arrived at the American Ambulance at about 9 A. M., laden with chocolate, gum and cigarettes, and were put right to work. I spent all morning making innumerable beds, hundreds of which had just been evacuated and were to be ready for the rush of wounded who are pouring in every day.

At noon we ate in the huge basement dining-room with scores of other nurses and aides and quite felt and looked one of them in our canteen blue aprons, white collars and coifs. Then the interesting work began. We fed and visited the men. I washed a poor kid's head who was all cut up on his entire left side, head as well. Wrote a letter for an old peasant lady whose son had just had his leg amputated—she was really almost

dying with grief and a throbbing heart, and when she tried to stand up, fell heavily into my arms—I tried to comfort her. Then I almost keeled over when I assisted at the dressing of a boy's arm which was too horrible to describe. I had to hold the arm, which after a few minutes became so heavy that I felt like screaming, and every time I moved it in the least, the poor boy would screw up in agony. The whole elbow joint was exposed and gangrene had set in so that the odor was frightful. Poor little kid! he is only nineteen. He was as plucky as could be, but anxious, and asked the doctor if he thought he would be good for active duty again—the doctor said no. He has a bad wound in the abdomen, too.

Then I stood beside a fellow who was coming out of ether and heard the most amusing line of talk in the world. I could enjoy it after the nurse had assured me that the man was not dangerously ill—shrapnel in the cheek, shoulder and left side. He would mutter, " Ten cent fool to join the army! Lieutenant, G... D... Lieutenant, I would n't butcher a horse the way he did my shoulder. Give me the French doctors anyway, been in the war longer. Oh gee! I 'm the worst horse thief in Montana, you bet. And I got my two Germans, too, you bet. Worst horse thief in Montana," etc. Poor man! Then I relieved an aide while she took an evening off and gave the men in her ward their supper and found one of them from Elmira, N. Y. who talked hungrily about Rochester and Watkins Glen.

Of course, the most terrible time is when the dressings are being done, and you pass cot after cot of boys suffering so. But it is such wonderful work and you forget yourself so completely that I would like to do just this rather than any other kind of work.

As I left the hospital at about seven this evening, I asked one of the ambulance drivers if there were any more wounded coming in tonight and he said that they had just had word that there are two thousand up at La Chapelle now. That means tomorrow many more new faces. We are going to be out at 8.30 in the morning.

¶ I thought of Bessie so many times today as I wiped the perspiration from one boy's face who was very ill, held heads up for drinks of cocoa and water and listened to many tales of blood and battle. How Bess would love " comforting them! "

As for the " offensive," the Germans still press on toward Paris, and every night we are wakened by the sirens and barrage against the enemy planes. But I care not a whoop for anything now but to help make those poor Sammies more comfortable.

You see Neuilly is used as the evacuation hospital for our men coming from the Front, and after they have been fixed up there, they are sent South. So every day we clear out some and fill in with fresh wounded. I know where the Buffalo Base Hospital is, so if I have appendicitis or anything, can run down to V.....

I saw Howard VanderVoort the other day, who was just up from the Somme for a few days. Said that their

ambulance squad had received a second citation which entitles each man to wear a shoulder cord. Saw Somebody Sikes and had a nice chat with him, and have seen George Rand several times and run into Tom Ramsdell every time I go to Morgan-Harjes. Just received a letter from Bernard Montelègre, my French aviator godson, and would n't be surprised to have him appear on the scene some fine day, but not till this terrible push is over—no one thinks of anything else but that now

Major and Mrs. Olds were here to dinner tonight, and Father and Mother, you can feel perfectly comfortable with them taking such in interest in us. Major Olds is just like Howard, a wonder!

I 'll write again but must go to bed in view of a long day's work tomorrow.

Love, Doris.

Hotel Metropolitan,
Paris, France,
June 3d, 1918.

Dear Family:

OUR hospital is like a great surging sea, with every day a new wave of wounded boys coming in and the ones not too ill moving out. I call them " The Heroes of Cantigny." It is so queer to go into the wards each morning and see new faces looking up into yours, nearly always still dirty and bloody. Yesterday I made my first bandage,

and I can tell you I went at it gingerly; the boys smile when I ask if I am hurting them, and one poor kid whose cut face I was dressing said, "You make me laugh when you think you 're hurting me." You see the doctors are so much quicker and rougher. We are not supposed to take the last layer of dressing off, but the boys say, "Nurse, is that sticking ?" And if we say it is, they say, "Go ahead and pull it off before the doctor comes."

We have a British "Tommy" who is suffering agonies, and today I helped move him from his bed onto the stretcher to be taken up to the operating room. He screamed like a wild thing and kept looking up into my face so pleadingly. I kept stroking his forehead and talking to him, and then went with him through the corridors and up in the lift. I told the two French stretcher bearers that if they would be extra careful, I 'd give them each two cigarettes, and I tell you they simply crawled. And then when the kid came down again (he is only a kid, 19 years old yesterday) I gave him some sweet chocolate. He ate it and then looked up and said in his weak, hoarse way, "Noice." "What," said I. Again, "Noice, Noice." By this time I thought he must be dying and that he had just strength enough left to call to me "Nurse." So leaning way down close to him I said, "What do you want, son?" "Oi say hit's noice." The chocolate was *nice* and he liked it!

I 'm helping out in three large wards as nurse's aide, taking temperatures, pulses, cleaning the rooms,

making beds and helping feed the men, etc. I 'm having a circus in the Officers' Ward. Just by luck got identified with the only officers' ward in the hospital. The men are adorable and so different from most of the other fellows. There is one big Fraser Sullivan—his double, I think. He came in yesterday, and when I tried to help him up a bit so that he could eat, I felt just like a fly trying to move an elephant. " My, but you 're a big one," I said. " I sure am, all right, too big for this bed and too big for this world I guess." He has a bad thigh wound. I adore him and love cutting his meat and cozying him. There 's a peach of a fellow from near Leavenworth, Kansas. He was buried alive for three and a half hours and is pretty well crushed all along his right side—a Second-Lieutenant. He likes to talk to me. I found a new boy in the officers' ward this noon when I went to help serve the luncheons. He was lying there with his eyes open and seemed quite normal, so I set a luncheon tray on his bed " comme habitude." But a Lieutenant called over, " That fellow's just coming out of ether." So I took away the tray and sat beside him for a while. He just stared at me, but finally his eyes grew more " seeing " and I said, " How do you feel? " Then he started right in telling me about his wounds, etc. He is an observer with a French Esquadrille. His machine was attacked by seven German planes and hit by three bullets from machine-guns. The plane crashed to the ground and was completely wrecked, but the French pilot not even scratched.

This boy has a broken arm and machine-gun wound in the shoulder.

And so it goes. I could fill page after page with things like this. And the tales we 've been told straight hand of real war. It is wonderful! I adore this work and now really expect to be kept on out there indefinitely. Mrs. Vanderbilt told us today that she had told Major Perkins what " perfectly splendid " work we three girls were doing, and he said for us to stay on there and not think about canteen work for a while. But one never knows. This is war and we are used to being ordered hither and thither now. ¶ How funny! You know I just closed my eyes for a minute to think and the first thing I knew I was seeing nothing but that poor English Tommy's face and blue, blue eyes.

Now I must write to my two French godsons, Joseph Duyck and Bernard Montelègre, and then go to bed ❧ Don't worry one bit about me, Mother or Father, I am *weller* than I 've ever been before, am having all the good food I need and all 's well.

As far as this terrible battle that is going on now is concerned, we only have time for a brief glance at the morning and evening papers to see how near Paris the Huns are getting, and then forget all about the outcome and think of war only in terms of wounded ❧ I received Ruth's letter this morning and loved it, all about Ellen Becker and about Fraser being married, etc. But who is he marrying? More later.

Love, Doris.

Hotel Metropolitan,
Rue Cambon,
Paris, France,
June 4th, 1918.

Dear Family:

CAN it be true!! The Allies have taken 50,000 prisoners today at Chateau Thierry. It is too wonderful and we hardly know what to do to let off the exuberance bubbling up inside us. It came as such a surprise.

You see we had had a long day at the hospital, and when we were putting on our coats in the dressing-room, some white-haired lady proceeded to unburden the most disheartening tales she had just heard—that we were evacuating as many of our wounded as we possibly could, that we were getting no new ones, and that the Huns were coming right along on to Paris. Well, we were too sick. All those hundreds of wounded men upstairs and still we had not been able to hold the Germans! We came on into Paris, and this was the first thing that greeted us—FIFTY THOUSAND GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN TODAY AT CHATEAU THIERRY! As I say, we almost exploded, and to celebrate, six of us marched over to Weber's on Rue Royal to have a peach melba for dessert. Now what will the morning paper have to say? What if it were n't so after all?

I did some bandaging today and learned many other new things. This is the most congenial, interesting

work I have ever done, and I am happier than a lark, in spite of the sad things I am seeing all the time. But after all, the boys are pretty happy out there in the hospital, so much better off than in the trenches, and most wounds heal rapidly. Oh! it is quite beautiful the way they respond to anything we do for them.

The officers' ward say they are going to ask for me to have for their aide. They say I 'm their sunshine. The big "Fraser Sullivan" is the nicest boy I 've ever known, and I know I shall weep when he leaves. I had to squelch one of them today for squeezing my hand. "Nothing doing," said I, "that won't do here at all." He was quite humbled. They give me candy, one gave me a bullet, and yesterday I did some shopping for some of them and one tried to make me take fifty francs "to pay for my taxi," another five francs "to buy myself something," and so on. It is really very touching—you see, they are all so lonesome.

Oh! I do hope that I can get a bigger bed for "Fraser" tomorrow. He is altogether too long for that one he 's in. Most of the boys are better today, and so I suppose they soon will be evacuated and sent on South. You know it is one of the saddest things to have a patient you have become interested in spirited away just as he is beginning to be a little better.

I must go to bed now and will write more another day.

June 6th, 1918.

So far we have not had an official announcement

regarding the 50,000 prisoners, but people still seem to trust in the report and every day we expect to see it verified ☙ ☙

But still the war goes on and every day more wounded pour into the hospital. Just as I left tonight the ambulances were lined up waiting to unload their " blessés." It is a horribly pitiful sight to see the men when they first come in, dirty, bloody, and so tired and shaken up from their long ride in ambulance train or auto ☙ Behold a grand transformation after one night with us! A good night's rest, then the next morning wounds dressed, a warm bath and shave and dose of insect powder and they look and feel like princes. It is the most heartening thing in the world to see them brace up like that.

Shall I tell you my day's schedule, taking today as a typical one? Arrived at American Ambulance Hospital No. 1, Neuilly, at 8.45 A. M. Went directly to my ward, No. 150, to which I have been assigned as official nurse's aide, and found eight familiar, smiling faces greeting me good morning, four vacant beds evacuated early this morning and three dirty woe-begone new patients filling three of them. As the surgeon was only one ward away, I proceeded to get the boys ready for him, taking off their dressings and straightening up the ward a bit. One of the new men had yards and yards of bandages on him, messy, wet things, which took some time to uncoil. Well, then the surgeon came along and I helped hold arms and legs while he dressed

the wounds. When that was finished my watch showed eleven o'clock, time to go to the little kitchen, " petite cuisine," for three milks for my three " Specials." More bedmaking and cleaning up. Then noon and Dakins solution poured into the rubber tubes in the boys' wounds—there were five such cases in my ward today, one kid with six tubes in his body. By that time, the luncheons had arrived and I served them, propping the boys up in bed and cutting the meat for those with arms out of commission. At 12.45 I went down to my luncheon and ate with great relish; then till about 2 P. M. rested in the girls' dressing-room and talked. (I have found so many attractive girls of whom I am already very fond.) Up again to my ward (stopping at No. 142, officers' ward, to have a chat for a few minutes). At 2, Dakins again, and helped the boys change their positions if they were not comfortable. They then all dozed and slept till about 3.45. A lull in the day's " occupation," so ward No. 142 again for me. A big fellow from Texas had " goose-fleshy " tales to tell of saunters across " No Man's Land " in search of prisoners. That 's how he got his wound. He, with sixteen of his men, raided a German trench, got one prisoner, and while returning to their trench a German hand-grenade " got " him, blowing off a huge chunk of his thigh. Four of his men carried him back to our lines while he fainted, off and on, intermittently. He is so fine, and when I look into the room he languidly looks over, puts out a weak, welcoming hand and says,

" Nurse, come on over and talk to me." So I go over, but instead of my talking, I listen to his tales of the war or Texas. I bring him the *New York Herald* every morning for I know he likes it. " Fraser " and I philosophize at length as to the best method of bringing up children, heredity, environment, etc., etc. He told me very sorrowfully that all but two of the officers are to be evacuated tomorrow; they hate to leave. It is too sad. When I come in they say, "Ah, here she is!" And when I leave they all say, " Come again, Nurse." I have more candy and strawberries and cherries and things offered me during the day. Ah! but at 3.45 I hurried back to my ward, took temperatures and pulses, had to wake up most of the boys, and as soon as I put the thermometers in their mouths they fell off to sleep again, and the thermometers were threatened sorely with precipitation. More Dakins at 4, then bodies rubbed with aromatic vinegar and powder. Supper should have come at 5 but never does till almost 6. More Dakins at 6—and free. This sounds like a horribly long and difficult day, but I assure you it is not. I adore every instant of it and am happier than I have ever been before, that is for such a long stretch of time—all day long. The only sad thing is when the patients go. One boy from Texas leaves tomorrow and I shook hands and gave him a package of cigarettes and felt very sad. I think each boy has already confided to me his love story, past regrets or future hopes.
You see this work is so welcome to me because I am

learning so much and I really hate to be changed to canteen, but I 'll leave my fate in other hands and will go whithersoever I am sent.
Must close now. Good night. Love,

Doris.

Hotel Metropolitan,
Rue Cambon, Paris,
June 8th, 1918.

Dear Family:

THAT a day! From 8 o'clock this morning till 8:30 tonight, I 've washed, fed and "aided" the gallant Marines who poured into the hospital all day long and still were pouring in when I left. The corridors were lined with wounded on cots and stretchers, the verandas packed with blanket-wrapped, bandaged boys, the stairways blocked with khaki-clad, steel-helmeted Yanks. The Marines have put up *some* marvelous fight! Now we are putting up tents on the roof verandas to shelter more of them. Talk about canteen work! I certainly got a taste of it today, running up and down stairs and out on the porches with baskets of bread, great kettles of meat, potatoes, soup and rice pudding. The boys, with hardly one exception, would smile up and say," Gee! is this Thanksgiving? This is the first *real* feed we 've had since Decoration Day." Many had not eaten for three days. Plucky kids! I love them all so much. The dressings were terribly trying, particularly as the nurses

had to do them because all the doctors were operating. As I say, the corridors were hectic, but when I would go into my ward it was like stepping up to heaven; my boys all clean and smiling, roses on the table, and order and quiet prevailing. They are getting better every day and I swell with joy to see color coming back to my three palest kids, two, nineteen and one, twenty-one years old—all three pretty well shot up. I had only a few minutes to call on the officers, and Lieut. Wood said to me in a quiet voice, " Don't ever lose that smile of yours." But Lieut. Ward is my real pet, a huge, tall, Texan wonder, expert broncho-buster and overseer of twenty thousand acres of land. He tells me all about life in my beloved West, and I sit open-eyed, drinking it in. His tale of the night he was wounded while raiding a Hun trench for prisoners is the most thrilling tale I 've ever heard. And he got his man, too, but was wounded with a grenade and machine-gun bullet when half way back across " No Man's Land," most of his thigh was blown off. No more broncho busting!

They are coming in now with arms and legs off, but don't let me harrow you too much, for after all the hospital is really quite heavenly to the men—clean, good food and BEDS. And surgical cases are not like medical cases, seldom fevers or vomiting, just dressings, and pain which grows less every day. I took jam to my boys today and am going to take butter tomorrow. I shall never be able to thank my stars enough for having been able to get over here just when I did and

for the way things have turned out. If you could half realize what it means to these Yanks to have American girls here to comfort and cheer them, you would be building special ships to send more and more overseas. Being here is a privilege for which I shall never cease to be grateful.

Now bed.

June 9th, 1918.

A nice, very busy day—but not too busy. One of my boys was evacuated this morning and four are up and dressed. Only six of them to wait on, for the boys that are up can not do enough to help me and just hang around to make themselves useful. I had four men in the corridor, but they were not much care. I sat up one while he was coming out of ether, to be there if he was sick at his stomach and to help him if necessary. They are all too funny while " coming to." Most of them swear like troopers. This boy kept muttering over and over, " I 've got you, you damned Dutchman, Van Dyke and all." Then, " Can I have some writing paper? There 's a little old mother in the Bronx that will be mighty glad to hear from me." When he was quite out of it and normal I heard his war tale—they all want to tell that the first thing. " Well, you see, Nurse, we went over the top and started running for the enemy's trench. Then a rain of bullets started, and the first thing I knew a piece of shrapnel got me in the neck. The shock threw me down into a shell hole and at the same time I looked up and saw a big Dutchman with

a Van Dyke beard standing over me with a bayonet, ready to stick me. I got him first, right through the stomach, and then fired my gun and ran. But I got my Dutchman, Van Dyke and all." You know those boys are the simplest, most courageous souls, and never for an instant think they have done much. They tell of stopping to give first aid to their comrades amidst a rain of bullets and with their arm or leg broken and never dream that they have done anything out of the ordinary. You will be glad to know that the boy from the Bronx was a lucky dog and that the shrapnel went right between the jugular vein and an artery.

Shall I tell you my Texan Lieutenant's tale? I begin, " Now tell me just how you got your wound, Lieutenant." " Well," (very slow and deep and much white teeth) " the grenade caught me right in the thigh." " No, but from the beginning." Broad grin and " I told you yesterday, you know." " No, you did n't tell me right from the beginning." " Well, you see we had been in the front line trenches for ten days when our Captain sent down word that he had n't had any information about the enemy for ten days and that he wanted a German prisoner. So I took sixteen men and we started out across ' No Man's Land ' at two o'clock in the morning, a flanking party on each side, and I in the center with one man. We found no barbed wire and after crawling about three hundred yards struck the German trenches and saw the men in there moving about. Just then I heard shooting and realized that the

Boches had discovered one of our flanking parties. There was a nineteen year old kid at my side—he had asked to go out with me and never left me till he was shot on the way back—and we two wasted no time but jumped down into the trench. The Germans dropped everything and ran like chickens, the kid and I after two of them. The kid thought he was going to lose his man, so he shot him dead, and I tore on after mine. Well, my man stumbled and fell and I jumped on him. I stuck my trench knife (that was all I had, I 'd thrown everything else away) into his back just to let him know he was caught, and then I grabbed him by the collar and started running back across ' No Man's Land,' pricking him with my knife just enough to keep him going." Long pause—I, " But that 's not all."

" Oh, then I got hit and fell, and you know, Nurse, the only thing I want to do now is to see my two sergeants and two corporals get the croix de guerre, or our medal for bravery under fire, for the way they stopped and picked me up and carried me back through a rain of bullets to our trenches. All the other fellows beat it off, and if it had n't been for those four men I 'd be lying out in ' No Man's Land ' yet. I don't remember much else, fainted four times, and came to—once in a shell-hole where they were halting for a minute to rest."

¶ "And the prisoner did n't get away? "

" No, sir, we 've got him all right! But the kid was killed, shot clear through the heart."

If I had time to tell you more —These tales are glorious

and thrilling. ¶ And today Mrs. Vanderbilt broke the news that our papers are here for Chantilly and we must leave Monday. She says she hates to have us go but the need for canteen workers is tremendous and it seems best to send us out. I weep to leave the hospital, but I know I shall love the canteen work too, and then the hospital work will still be here this Winter. ¶ So tomorrow is our last day. I am sad about it. My boys say they want to leave the hospital if I am going. We 're such good friends now.

I must go to bed now—more later.

Just this. I get goose-flesh and thrills run up my back when I read in the papers what our American boys are doing. It is too glorious and I am so proud I could yell.

Good night,

Doris.

Morgan-Harjes Cie,
31 Boulevard Haussmann,
Paris, France,
June 10th, 1918.

Dear Family:

JUST a hasty scrawl. We leave in a few minutes for Chantilly where we will be in a Red Cross canteen for the French Poilus. It is a marvelous opportunity and we shall see real military life.

Was sick about leaving the hospital, cried like a baby when I said good-bye to the boys, but guess I was

broken up on account of having one of my boys die about a half hour before I left. It was a horrible shock, as I was told to watch him carefully because he was coming out of ether, but given no warning as to how serious his case was. Poor lad, he never did come out, and toward evening when I went over to look at him, he was covered with huge beads of perspiration which I wiped off his chest and face. One of the boys said, " Gee, he 's hot." About five minutes later I went over again—he lay there quite white and still, dead. It was too shocking—fractured skull. I wrote his mother and told her I was proud to have been able to be that last day with her soldier son, who had given his life for our glorious cause.

Love,

Doris.

I adore your letters. Just got two from Mother, May 19th and 20th, and one from Ruth, May 13th.

Cantine des deux Drapeaux,
Orry-la-Ville, Oise, France,
June 12th, 1918.

Dear Family:

NOW we are having thrills, and I must be careful what I write, not so much from fear of the censor as from my own sense of duty. We are asked not to repeat anything we see around here, so you can imagine how interesting things are in this locality.

We are living in Chantilly and take the train at 7.15 A. M. for Orry, where we work in the canteen till about 3.30 P. M., then come home in a camion (truck). This afternoon Al and I went with the truck-driver after supplies for the canteen, and he took us where not many girls get a chance to go. I tell you that has been our biggest thrill so far. When I get home I 'll tell you about the things we saw. Events are marching rapidly around here now, but don't worry about us. The Red Cross has us under her wing and looks out for her workers as a mother for her child.

France is gay with fields of wild red poppy and blue bachelor buttons and the yellow hay is being mowed by picturesque old men and women. Suddenly one comes upon barbed wire entanglements and trenches built to hold the Huns in 1914—they are sinister and stern out in those peaceful fields.

During the day we hear the distant boom of cannon and the hum of our aeroplanes overhead; at night, the throbbing of the German motors on their way to Paris. ¶ The roads are all blue with marching Poilus and the roadsides sprinkled with soldiers sleeping.

This morning at about four, I waked to the sound of shuffling footsteps. Al and I jumped up and looked down at the narrow village road that runs beneath our window to see hundreds of trudging troops passing in the dim light of dawn. Grey-blue coats, grey-blue steel helmets, grey-blue leggings and heavy equipment of rifles, canteens, blank rolls, etc. Later—clip, clip of

many horses passing and we saw a troop of grey-blue cavalry file past. And so it goes.

I served about 1,000 Poilus to soup this noon—this was a quiet day. Canteening is all right, but I so adored hospital work that the contrast makes me sad.

We talk to our American boys whenever we see them anywhere and have had such nice chats. Everyone is so free and we are joined with a bond so strong—the U. S. A.—I thrill to even write those three letters—they mean so much to me now. I am so *proud* of the way our boys are fighting, their spirit is so brilliant and boyish. The French are filled with enthusiasm over them—so many have said they would give three English for one American. But the Poilus seem to like and understand our sunny Yanks better than they do the more reserved Tommies.

I have two great Parisian girl friends who are most congenial, and crazy about Americans. They both want to come to America after the war and it will be such fun to have them visit me at home.

Father, dear, your birthday will be very soon now. I won't try to cable you because cablegrams are so unsatisfactory, but here is all the love in the world, and many, many kisses, three huge hugs, dear old Papa, many happy returns of the day.

More later—now bed. Ever more love.

Doris.

Cantine des Deux Drapeaux,
Orry-la-Ville, Oise, France,
June 13th, 1918.

Dear Family:

OUR canteen is the one nearest the front now, and I can not get over how lucky we were to be sent out here, right within sound of the booming cannon.

The German planes go over us every night, but there seems to be a feeling here that they do not want to bomb Chantilly on account of the Chateau. The Crown Prince made his headquarters there in 1914 and so probably expects to do the same this time. "A fool there was!" Does he think that the French are so hospitable that they will entertain such a guest twice! But really you know, I should n't be surprised if he did think so, the German imagination is so well-developed

Yesterday a bunch of about forty French bombing planes flew over our canteen at Orry. It was a glorious sight to see those great birds up in the blue, and it seemed so pure and clean and cool up there—I was hot and messy and covered with coffee and chocolate and other "alimentation." I spent about four hours in the "Gout de Café" yesterday, every instant serving hot coffee and chocolate to hundreds of Poilus. The only trouble is that you are so busy pouring that you hardly have an instant to speak to them or even to get a look at their faces. They are wonderful though, so

grateful for anything done for them. It is killing to hear the remarks they make at the counter, quite in a low voice too, so as not to be fresh at all—they call one a " jolie fleure " (pretty flower) and a " gentille plante " and then say " Mademoiselle, you are very kind to the Poilus." Poor fellows! all ages from quite bent old men of fifty to youngsters just nineteen. The young ones are all so keen to get to the fight, it is quite refreshing to see them.

Shall I tell you what our canteen is and what it does? ¶ Orry is a camp for " permissionaires " (soldiers on permission). The men who are coming back to the front from their furloughs stop off here, are sorted out, and then sent back to their regiments at the front. Some spend only a few hours, others several days. Those who stop over camp in the forests of Orry come to our canteen for food, rest, and as much enjoyment as we can give them, which consists of a Victrola, writing paper, and a " Cinema " run by a Frenchwoman. We serve them three meals a day and all day long hot coffee, chocolate, sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs and bread in the " Gout." We girls do all the work excepting the actual cooking and dish washing. We make salad, serve the food, cut the bread (this is a real job, too, hundreds of pieces a day) make sandwiches, etc., etc., etc., etc. We are supposed to be on eight hour shifts, but sometimes it runs over, though our Directrice, Mrs. Church (by the way, a great friend of the Hoyts) is very careful and takes splendid care of us.

¶ Yesterday I got a letter from Joseph Duyck enclosing a German number which he took off a dead soldier in the forest of E.... in his first fight. Is n't it interesting to have it! He and also Montelègre have both asked to come to see me here. I should love to see them very much ❧ ❧

You know I feel quite real, having a gas mask and steel helmet. I only hope I can keep them to bring home and make all your eyes open, but they belong to the Red Cross and I 'm not sure they will let me.

Well folks, please keep on writing. You can not know what your letters mean to me, all the cozy home gossip is better than a materialized ice-cream soda. Ask everyone to write if they get a chance. I 've heard from Mother, Father, Ruth, Don, How, Gert, Mrs. Bangs, Dunbar, Nat Stimson, Helen Crosby and Dodo. I think that is all from Buffalo. What is the matter with the rest of my family and friends? Please publish this in the " Want " Ads:

WANTED: Everyone who knows her to write to Miss Doris Kellogg, " Somewhere in France."

We are really not supposed to tell where we are but I can't see the harm. I do send my letters to Paris to be mailed—it 's safer.

Ever love,
Doris.

The White House,
Chantilly, Oise,
France,
June 18th, 1918.

Dear Family:

YOU can not picture a more adorable little house than this one in which we live in Chantilly. It belonged to an Englishwoman and is a perfect jewel. Beautiful old furniture, low ceilings, rambling hallway, and the quaintest wall-paper I 've ever seen. About eight of us live here together with two maids, and the best food in the world, and *very* cheaply. Some of the girls bicycle to Orry through the forests, but not for mine—I get enough exercise at the Cantine and the train appeals to me more. It is a ten minutes ride by rail.

Chantilly is the quaintest of villages, close up to one of the largest and most beautiful forests in France. In the Spring the woods are full of lilies-of-the-valley and violets, and there are miles and miles of most wonderful bridle paths. You see Chantilly is the most famous racing center in France; that is, was before the war. Now the smart hotels, and even the Jockey Club, have been turned into hospitals. Yesterday I saw six beautiful horses ridden by jockeys, going through the forest, and it seemed quite pathetic to think that now for four years these spirited animals have been eating their heads off in stables.

How I curse the luck that made me leave my kodak in

"THE WHITE HOUSE," CHANTILLY, FRANCE

New York! Hundreds of times a day I long for it. Every Poilu is a picture, and when I see a group of them resting by the roadside or in the forest, their bayonets and knapsacks stacked beside them, it is almost more than I can stand. But, of course, to get satisfactory photos, one should be able to take colored ones—this glorious " bleu claire " against the green grass, the black tree trunks, the blue sky above—it 's thrilling! I think of all the dashing uniforms I 've seen, the " Chausseure " takes the cake—dark blue uniform, black tam jauntily cocked on side of head, and chest covered with almost every medal possible to obtain, for the Chausseures have been the most brilliant of all the splendid French troops. I said to Al today, " Have you ever known anything like the number of smart-looking French officers? " They pass us by scores in staff cars every day, and many get out and have a drop of something in the sidewalk cafés here in Chantilly. Their tan or blue uniforms fit them to a tee, and with the scarlet and blue, or scarlet and black caps trimmed with gold or silver braid, they look like doll soldiers. So many of the Frenchmen are dark, black moustaches and hair, against creamy complexions. They certainly are gorgeous. But the real joy when I see a rough-and-ready khaki-clad figure coming down the street! I spot him yards ahead, and then, when on closer inspection I see the U. S., I am ready to hug him. We always shake hands and chat a while and then always the question—" What part of the States are

you from? " If it happens that we are both from New York State that is the key that unlocks all reticence and floods of conversation follow.

Now I think that next to seeing the dead and wounded on the battlefield, I must have come nearer today to the horrors of war than ever before. There is a large tent hospital, or hospital camp, springing up here in Chantilly on the famous race course. This afternoon I went to take oranges to the men and found those long tent wards the saddest thing in the world. They have only " grands blessés " here, and so every one of those poor devils is pretty nearly done for. Two or three that we saw were dying, but as the nurse urged us to, we gave them each an orange and got back a brave smile and, " Merci, Mademoiselle." The Directrice, a charming French baroness, was so grateful to us and asked if we could get them safety pins, rubber sheeting and so on from the American Red Cross. This hospital camp is such an interesting sight, set out in the wonderful green fields, and on one side the tents sheltered by the trees of the forest of Chantilly. In the grass are spread two huge white canvases with red crosses painted on them to protect the camp from Hun air raids(tragic sarcasm). The blue sky is so clear and beautiful and the forest so peaceful that it is a tremendous shock to step into one of those long, white rooms and see the rows of drawn and suffering faces.

You see the French are so poor. The Baroness told us

that they need so many, many things. Then added, "You see, we are all so poor, our families have lost or given all we had, and our men have all been killed." If anyone would like to send me money to give toward cases such as this, I can assure you that it will be turned to the most splendid use.

A few months ago I should never have dreamed that I could be of any use in a hospital, but I seem to take to the work like a duck to water, and the odor of ether and things makes me quicken with enthusiasm to be back in a ward again.

As we were leaving one of the tents, a dust-covered ambulance arrived from the Front and two of the four blessés were unloaded. Poor devils! Both Moroccans with dumb, suffering eyes. You see we are only fourteen miles from the front, so the "grand blessés" are brought right on down by auto ambulance.

Must close now for a while. Al is on night duty at the canteen, so Muggsy is sleeping in her bed this week. We have had a rather slow time the last few days, as all permissions have been stopped on account of the offensive, but we hear they are to begin soon, and so we shall have again our thousands of Poilus a day to feed and cheer.

I am in the bread room and "remboursement" this week. Take the 7.15 morning train for Orry, and go as soon as I arrive into the bread room and proceed to cut bread and croutons by the hundreds of loaves. Then at eleven, I take the Victrola out to my "remboursement"

cage, where the men come to return their luncheon trays and to be reimbursed the one franc which we ask as a deposit for their dishes. With the franc, we hand each man a cigarette and an American flag. As soon as the music starts, the Poilus begin to cluster about—they adore music, and I always find several darling ones and we have nice times together, singing and so on.

¶ I wish I could paint the picture I have before me now as I sit in my little cage: the Poilus' dining-room—very long and low, rafters gaily decorated with flags of the Allies, rows of tables and benches on the sand floor—and in the dim, smoky light hundreds of grey-blue Poilus eating, little young 1918's, and all ages up to quite bent old men—then scattered amongst the blue, khaki-clad black men with scarlet fezzes.

Every day some of the men come up to me and thank me for what we are doing for them—"Vous etes très aimable pour les Poilus, chère Mademoiselle." I can not exaggerate my admiration for the great French nation. They are truly a blue steel wall that the Huns will never be able to break through. But I must just whisper that sometimes I get hopelessly bored with compliments and pleasantries from drunken soldiers. Poor souls! I try to be charitable and sociable—as when one poor old toper hauled out the photos of his wife and three lovely children at least twelve times the other night to show me, and I wept with him when he told me his sad story. The Germans have been living in his home for the past four years—his family

fled to Northern France but are still under bombardment, he has n't seen them since the beginning of the war. All his worldly goods gone. Let him drink his sorrows away! And forget for a while his hell on earth. My, what pluck have these peasants of France! We see family after family of refugees stream wearily along the country roads. Old, old women with faces like dried apples sitting high up on the great two-wheeled farm wagons, old men and children trudging at the heads of the oxen harnessed to the carts.

Today, headed North, a veritable herd of white oxen were driven through town. I counted forty-two of them, some pulling loads of household furniture and others yoked together and guided by women and children. The cavalcade created quite a stir in the village, and as it passed the news stand, our old paper lady got awfully excited and called out, " Oh, Madame C....., once more good day and good luck!" Then she explained to us that this was a large family of much importance, who owned a farm of many acres up North, and were making their third return trip home through Chantilly, after having been driven three times from their home by the Germans. I ran into the country store and bought a big bagful of plums, and when I laid it in the baby carriage that a tired mother was pushing, she thanked me with such a dull look of suffering in her eyes.

How firmly rooted they are to the soil that they were born on! Not even the fear of death can keep them long away.

Good night,

Doris.

The White House,
Chantilly, France,
June 19th, 1918.

Dear Family:

AT last I have seen the "terrible Boche"—seven hundred prisoners just went through Chantilly, fresh from the front. Oh, let me omit that "fresh"—for they were anything but that, just a worn-out bedraggled bunch of Fritzies. First four hundred of them shuffled past me on the road, and then I followed them till they were halted along the railroad tracks beside the empty freight cars which were to take them South. As I was staring at them with firm mouth, I saw another bunch coming along. I beat it out to the road and saw three hundred more, about ten officers in the first lines. I looked at them pretty closely and found that most of them were quite young boys, many of them very sickly and thin. Of course they were prisoners and that meant probably had been fighting hard these past few days—at any rate they were pretty tired, but even so, I think them a much less formidable bunch than the French, and of course a thousand times less fit than our boys. I really tried quite hard to get up some feeling of hate toward those "terrorizing Huns," but I simply could not manage it, they were so thin-necked, and pinched about the eyes. The officers looked a million times better kept than the men, and were goose-stepping along in an unapproachable manner. The Fritzies' uniforms were

pretty seedy, patched and faded, but a marvelous color as far as camouflage goes, grey-green that quite melts into the landscape, and steel helmet the same color—some camouflaged—which comes quite down over the ears and protects also the back of the neck. Only a few had their helmets and the others wore those little round caps with a scarlet band. The French guards were too good to them. They brought them water, let them lounge on the grass, and I saw a Poilu even give one a cigarette. Every night they bring prisoners through here, so I shall make another trip to the station soon.

I took some champagne and other things over to the hospital camp today. The Directrice was charmed and said that the head doctor had just said, " If we only had some champagne for our grands blessés." I am getting a Victrola in Paris for the hospital—the less ill ones will adore it.

I can not get over this wonderful opportunity we are having to see the war in all its interesting aspects. Every day many thrilling things occur; and then, on top of all that, to think we are living in an adorable little house with an ideal cook and that we are in the strawberry province of France. I have tasted luscious strawberries at " Lochevan," but I tell you that Chantilly " fraises du bois " and the larger garden variety are the most delectable fruit I have ever eaten—no exaggeration—one needs no sugar on them, they are so sweet and juicy.

I wonder if I have told you the exciting news of the

many proposals of marriage which I have had from different Poilus since I 've been at Orry. It is too killing. Today, I was eating a sandwich in the kitchen doorway and that seemed to be just too domestic and tempting to a blue-clad—(Oh, glorious! there go six aeroplanes flying over my head bound for the front, with the sunlight shining on their wings)—just too domestic and tempting to a blue-clad soldat standing near. We chatted a bit and then he said in a quiet voice and very significantly, " Will you marry? " I laughed and said " No." " Pourquoi?" said he. " Too much else to do now," said I. " Mais non, it is a good time for marrying." And so on. I was too polite to leave him but got more and more embarrassed till finally I simply had to break away and left him quite crestfallen out there in the forest.

Love to all,

Doris.

Cantine des Deux Drapeaux,
Orry-la-Ville, Oise, France,
June 21st, 1918.

Dearest Father:

TODAY I discovered a great admirer of Spencer Kellogg and Sons' Oils. The person in question is the young man who drives our canteen truck. He was Sales Agent for Patterson-Sargent for several years. He could not laud your oils enough, said he beat every competitor in the

field and that his bosses thought the world of you. He really went on at a great rate about what a fine firm you were to do business with, and I felt very proud when he finally wound up.

We have had rather a scare about our letters. I received one from Mother today saying that you had not heard for two weeks. Al's mother wrote they had not heard for twenty-five days, and Mugs' that they have not heard for a month. You see instead of censoring the letters, if something not according to Hoyle is said, they just throw them out and do not send them through the mails at all. Can this be what is happening to mine? For I am writing on an average of two letters every week. This set-back has sort of taken the starch out of my sails, and I do not feel as much like writing as I did. You see, they warn us not to even mention one thing that might be of any use to the enemy, and of course the only things we see or do here would certainly come under that head.

I hear that Alice O'Brien of Buffalo is coming up to the canteen next door to us as Directrice. It will be quite nice to see someone from Buffalo. Before I left Paris I saw Sheldon Hodge one day out at some American Field Day Sports, but was too bashful to speak to him. He certainly looked awfully nice and American.

Ever love,

Doris.

June 25th, 1918.

Dear Family:

NOW the work is coming so fast and furiously that I hardly have time to write. Every day new sights are seen and new experiences lived through. The tales I am getting from these Poilus are dramatic enough to fill many book covers. We are running two canteens and that makes us have to double up on our work—so you can imagine how we have to scurry. But work certainly agrees with me and I am in fine health—and not losing weight—alack-a-day

We were asked to take over the canteen at Serveilliers, the next railroad stop from Orry, where the soldiers are taken care of on their way home from the Front and yesterday we had a most exciting day, moving into our new quarters. The building had been closed up on account of the permissions having been stopped, but as the army has commenced giving them again, we were called upon to fill this emergency. We rushed down to Serveillers in train and camion, and when we approached the place saw a huge sea of blue covering every inch of ground about "Les Deux Drapeaux"—three or four thousand happy Poilus on their way Home. As the gate was locked, Mrs. Church told me to crawl through the fence while they waited for the key. Instantly I was lost in that swaying mass of men. Gee, but I was a bit excited, especially when one danced up to me and stroked my chin. But you really can not

imagine how terribly severe I can be now. I simply gave him a push and said, " Prenez garde " in furious tones. We opened up the canteen and were serving cocoa and sandwiches in less than twenty minutes. Then the real excitement began—I was told to take a basket of sweet chocolate down to the trains which were full of hungry men—one stick each. They saw me coming and called, "Ah, ici, chère petite blonde "— " Ma jolie fleure," etc. Once more I was almost inundated with " bleu horizon," hundreds of hands grabbed at my basket, and I could hardly keep my feet. You can imagine in what quick order that chocolate disappeared. Dear old fellows ! They were like a lot of wild young boys. And then try to realize they were going home— after four months at the Front. After two or three football tackles, a perfect Apollo of an American ambulance boy came up with a huge basket of my wares. " I 've come to help you," and he did too, though I thought there was going to be a " free-for-all." He got a bit " riled " and gave the crowd a couple of good pushes. It was about as exciting a position as I 've been in since we arrived in France

Last night I woke up suddenly to the tune of a tremendous bombardment. At last, thought I, the Huns have crept upon us and we have slept so soundly that we shall be caught in their net. As I grew more wide awake, I distinguished the familiar ear-marks of an air raid; and then, cozily, to really a deafening booming, I fell off to sleep again.

Next day.

Too dead to write. Long day with not enough helpers at our canteen. One dingy Moroccan brought me three flowers, or rather the heads of flowers.

Love to all,

Doris.

Canteen, Orry,
June 26th, 1918.

Dearest Family:

I HAVE just received mail from Mother and Ruth, written June 7th. I can not ever express the joy it is to get your letters. It is the most glorious thing I have ever experienced. You speak of not receiving my epistles—I am writing right along, and the only explanation I can think of is that they say the censor holds up the mail for several weeks instead of opening and reading it. Perhaps you will get them all in a bunch.

Just to emphasize the saying that " The world is a very small place after all," let me tell you about my fellow workers here. Mrs. Church, our Directrice, is a friend of Mrs. Hoyt's; Miss Rowland lives in Pasadena, California, and is a cousin of Jane Preager, a great friend of Margaret Coatsworth, and knows George Rand; while Miss Larrabee is from Amsterdam, knows all our relatives and her father was Uncle Vedder's best friend. Her mother's name was Miss Louise Leavenworth and she went to school with Anna and Elma and Rebecca Morris. It certainly is fun to find

that everyone I meet knows some friend of mine. ¶ I am snatching time to write this letter in a lull after serving " repas." We are only three workers now, as all the others are over at Serveillers. I don't mind as it gives one an opportunity of trying a hand at every sort of work, cashier, cook, bread-cutter, sandwich-maker, coffee and chocolate server, " repas " waitress, etc. A Poilu presented me with a bowl of luscious " fraises du bois " today and I have just eaten them with sugar and thick cream—the soldiers go out in the forest and pick them—they are too marvelous and their odor is sweeter than incense.

We have a Poilu artist here who is continually seen sketching different views of our canteen, etc. The other night he brought one he had made of me playing the Victrola with two Poilus standing listening. He is doing some sketches of the different types of soldiers for me. I hope I can really get them from him as they are quite interesting

Oh! I must tell you the killing time we had the other day taking snapshots of some Poilus. I asked two quite picturesque fellows if they would come out in the sun after they had finished eating, while one of the demoiselles took a photo of them. They were delighted and soon appeared at the appointed spot. I had quite a time making them realize that I wanted their "fusils" (rifles) and packs also in the picture and that they would please not take off their " casques," (helmets). By this time a huge crowd had gathered, all with longing

eyes; so I asked them all to crowd up together, and when all was ready, apparently, I placed myself in the center. But what was this commotion going on at my side! "Attendez, chère Mademoiselle, s'il vous plait, je dois porter ma cravate." (Wait, dear Miss, if you please, I must put on my cravat) There was great excitement for ten minutes while the distracted Frenchman searched his knapsack and finally found and arranged his neckcloth, which, by the way, the men wear quite independently of any shirt and even in the absence of underclothing. Well, the photographer at last caught the sunshine and us, and then there was a great inundation of names and addresses of each man to be sent a portrait of himself in the group. Then they must have my name " to write a little word of thanks " " Ecrire un petit mot de remerciment." Some of them shyly offered me picture postals of their native heaths, and one gay cavalier from Corsica was all for taking me back there with him. It is so amusing to see what little things please these grown-up boys. I 'll send you one of the pictures when they 're developed.

We had a " swanky " young aviator the other day for luncheon. I started to serve him over the counter with the other Poilus when I saw, actually, a wild look come into his eyes. "Ah mademoiselle, pardon, but have you a dining-room for officers? " " Mais oui, Monsieur, I beg your pardon." And then I asked him around to our dining-room where we always serve the officers. I certainly made a faux pas. He was a Chevalier of the

Légion d'Honneur, croix de guerre, with palm and five stars. I had a nice talk with him and he quite touched me with his appreciation of the work we American women were doing over here. It is very touching, the French nation's gratitude and admiration for us. They have such beautiful ways of expressing their thanks—"Vous etes si devoué pour nous." (your devotion for us is so great)—we hear that over and over again. And the remarkable thing is that it is not only the officers who have all the manners, our good old Poilus are right on the job too. For instance, they never think of questioning the change of their money, I have more than once tested that out. Fortunately I think I find my mistake before it is too late and can straighten things out, but they are always there with "But it does n't matter, don't bother, Mademoiselle."

Well, I must pull myself away from the absorbing subject of the Poilus and answer your remarks, Mother. I think the ring for Tot a splendid idea. There is nothing my interest and affection could be better represented in than a ring of my favorite opal. All the love in the world goes with it and many thought waves for wonderful things for "ittie Totsie." Tell her never to get depressed because if she could see the splendid, husky French youths who have been in the war since 1914 and have never even been scratched, and also the ones who have been wounded several times and are still whole and in splendid shape, she would not fear for Junior. He has as big a chance as

anyone in the war and that is a great long one ☙ Gertrude Clark and Andy : I received your two welcome letters a few days ago and loved them. I am so glad, Andrew, that you have moved to the country.

" Lochevan "—that word strikes way down deep. I see all the dear nooks and crannies and old Lake Erie and the woods. Of course, Ma dear, as far as nooks are concerned, more or less of them have been cleansed and purified from the garden, but nevertheless we can still find some in the woods. It 's a lucky thing that you and I did n't clear out all the underbrush to make vistas ☙ ☙

I think Ruth's description of the party at Spen's after Ellen's recital was quite delicious. I have hundreds of the happiest memories of 128 Lincoln Parkway. I think I have had some of the coziest times in my life up there. Edith Sullivan must be in New York now. She hoped to go through Paris on her way to Bordeaux but could n't make it. I was so disappointed to miss her.

I read in the paper that Bob Dempster had arrived in Paris but you see we were out here in the country, and so he could n't get hold of me, I suppose, though I don't even know if he tried.

Honestly, this question of footgear is getting to be quite tragic. I have gone through the two or three pairs I brought over, and it is literally next to impossible to get any decent lasts here. I inquired of a bootmaker what he would charge to make me a pair of white buckskin oxfords, and he said one hundred fifty francs

or thirty dollars. Stockings are a problem, too. They are such rotten things and go to pieces in no time. Otherwise, I have n't found France destitute in any way of material or food. One lives here as well as in America. ¶ You know what I would like to do tonight? Just fly over to " Lochevan " in a French " spad," have all you twenty-four family lined up, preferably on the lawn between the beach and the house, where the ground sinks a bit and holds the heavy rains, then give each one a good kiss and hug; and then come back again to Pa and Ma and give them each three more kisses, and if Father looked sleepy, muss up his topknot.

Love to all,
Doris.

Canteen,
Somewhere in France,
June 30th, 1918.

Chère Famille:

I GUESS there is some fight on as we have heard the booming of cannon all day, since early morning. What a dream it all seems! Suffering, hatred, while here at our canteen quite a beautiful Sunday peace prevails. It is a glorious June day with clear blue sky, and birds singing, and only a few stray Poilus sauntering about. I feel so dozy sitting out here in Le Gout de Café waiting for customers, whom I selfishly hope will not be thirsty this afternoon so that I can enjoy a bit of relaxation.

We certainly have had a strenuous week—only three workers here to fill three times that many places. Sometimes I get pretty tired; but always when I am feeling low like that, I have only to raise my eyes and look at the patient Poilus walking by, bent under their heavy packs, and I straightway brighten up again, ashamed to have thought of myself when these fellows are so gloriously bearing up.

You have no idea how many opportunities we have of doing a good turn for these men, outside of our official canteen duties. Whenever I see an especially pathetic specimen, I try to draw him out a bit and then do or say something to cheer him up. The other night a quite ill young fellow came up to the Victrola, and after I heard him draw about four or five deep sighs, I got him to tell me his troubles. He has been wounded twice and was on his way back to the trenches after a bad gas case. His young wife died in December, also his mother and father a short time ago; he has four brothers in the war, one a prisoner in Germany, one with two amputations; and the only thing he has left in the world is his little girl two years old, living with her mother's parents who are refugees from the invaded districts. It was too overpowering, the hopelessness, the tragedy of it all. I talked a long while with him and then got his little girl's address to send her chocolate. It was heartbreaking, the pleasure that little friendliness gave the man, and I have just today received a sweet letter from him, thanking me for my" sympathie." Another Poilu

brought me two hairpin receptacles he had made from old shells—" Souvenir pour les bonnes Américaines." His wife and two little twin sons, whom he has never seen, are with the Germans in the North of France. The children were born after the Germans invaded his home. This is the type of story I hear every day.

I wrote Don about the mysterious American boy we had here yesterday, who claimed to be a son of Colonel Goethals of Panama fame, and who was so uncomfortably attentive—well, I had the most killing time with him. I think he is crazy. He had come right from the trenches to box Carpentier in Paris—so he said. You have never seen such a huge, husky specimen of a youth. He took my hand and had me punch him as hard as I could in the jaw and right on the nose and he never even felt it. We took him back to Chantilly for dinner and he had us all standing on his chest and stomach and pounding him and feeling his muscles, etc., etc. It was awfully amusing. I 'll certainly be interested to find out who that boy really is.

Did I write you that I saw in the *New York Herald* that B. Vine and H. Crosby had arrived in Paris? I was wild to go in to see them, but of course that was out of the question. I guess we are here to stick till the 22nd of August, when our papers expire. But you know I 'm getting so attached to this work that I hate to think of leaving, though hospital work is really more interesting to me. Then I would like to be in Paris this winter, I think. Still one can not make plans ahead here, and

whatever is needed most will be the thing that appeals to me

The Poilus have all been promenading in the forest this afternoon and snoozing too, I guess, from the grassy condition of their backs. I should n't mind, myself, taking a stroll in those green aisles.

Well, good-bye for a while.

Lovingly,

Doris.

P.S. I have just been talking with two Foreign Legion men, one Russian and one Algerian. They are always crazy to show us photos of their wives or fiancées, and then a far-away look comes into their eyes and they say, " Mademoiselle, bientot finit la guerre ! " (Soon finishes, the war !)

P.S., No. 2. As we pulled into the station at C.... this evening, I saw about twenty freight cars loaded with German prisoners. I wanted to have a good look so I walked down the length of the train. You have never seen such a picture. In the doorway of each car sat a huge, black, Sengalese guard, bayonet on knee, the most ferocious looking creature I 've ever seen; then, crowded in back of this great black monkey and peeping out of the openings in the sides of the cars, all those German faces, with little round grey-green caps. I heard much excitement in back of me and, looking around, saw a big French peasant, quite drunk, go furiously up to the door of one of the cars and yell, as

he tried to grab at the prisoners, " You have killed my wife and my children,"—" Vous avez tué ma femme et mes enfants." The black guard caught up his bayonet and gave the man a push. Every one jeered at the Germans and the man went on from car to car, going through the same performance at each one. You know it really made my blood curdle. There was a train bound for Paris on the next track and the people shouted, " You 're going to Paris! Nix! " But their humor seemed to be more sarcastic than bitter. I understand that myself.

Every your own loving, Do.

Cantine des Deux Drapeaux,
France,
July 3rd, 1918.

Dear Family:

JUST a note while I have to wait for my next job—interruption—

Now I am out in the " remboursement " playing the Victrola for the lunching Poilus.

¶ I have just received Mother's letter of the 27th of May and one from Tom Wilfred, May 25th. What joy these letters are!

Mother asks about my letters. I write about twice a week to the family, but I suppose there are delays in the mails, especially as we are out in the country now.

¶ This morning we had a bunch of Anamite soldiers here, killing little fellows from one of the French

possessions. They only know about two words in French and so point, and sputter their queer lingo at us. They have a pile of money to spend, as they are so frugal; and, anyway, they have no use for their pay. It is so weird to see these hundreds of little yellow faces peering at us across the counter from under their blue steel helmets. They are the men that are used as chauffeurs and mechanics on the huge loriots that transfer the French troops.

I started this letter ages ago and can not finish it. Will write again later.

Love,
Doris.

A Canteen in France,
July 5th, 1918.

Dear Family:

WHILE the events of yesterday, our glorious Fourth of July, are still fresh in my mind, I must write you all about everything that happened. In the first place—we gave all the Poilus little American flags with their " repas," which we stuck in each piece of bread and gave the trays a very gay and holiday appearance. Then in addition to the usual cigarette which we always give them at the end of their meal, we handed each one a souvenir handkerchief with " Les Deux Drapeaux " embroidered in color in the corner. You can not imagine how utterly overjoyed they were with these " cadeaux," and I can

tell you they tried many a clever ruse to get more than one "hanky" out of us. So much for the Poilus ☙ Now, let me leave the common restaurant and enter "la salle a manger pour les Officiers." The Commandants of our camp at Serveillers came, in most formal style, and invited the ladies of the canteen to join them in drinking a health to America. One of the French-women canteeners, foreseeing this event, had decorated the table gaily with hundreds of tiny American flags and every other bit of space was taken up with a great display of champagne bottles and glasses. So we drank to America! It was quite thrilling—those gorgeous officers in blue horizon breasts splashed with decorations, and we five American girls in blue aprons and white coifs—outside the gay hum of Poilus swarming past the window and overhead the buzz of French "spads." So much for the afternoon at Serveillers ☙ The evening at Orry was one of the most memorable occasions of my life. All eleven of us canteeners and eleven of the French officers of the camp met at quite a brilliant banquet in our dear crude "Deux Drapeaux" dining-room. Can you picture the long table as we all stood around it drinking "Vive l'Amérique"—the women in blue and white, French officers in blue horizon, black and scarlet, and one Englishman and two of our own U. S. A.'s in khaki! Formal and stirring toasts were given, and much champagne consumed. I sat between a French Captain and Lieutenant and the latter and I quite swimmed along. Someone asked

Miss Latrobe, who sat on his other side, how she liked him, and she said he had a charming profile. You would love it the way I am getting on with my French. I carry on a conversation with real éclat now. But I must tell you the finishing touch, which occurred as the dessert was being served, and furnished the appropriate ending to our Fourth of July. Suddenly the electric lights began winking, twenty-two pairs of ears pricked up and twenty-two voices breathed " L'alert." Before long the defense cannon were booming away and the machine-guns spitting. We ran out into the night and were just in time to see a thrilling thing. Off in the West, and high up in the sky, a great light was very slowly moving earthward. It was a " fusil " that the Hun flyer drops to light up objects below him and so enables him to launch his bombs to the best advantage. All about this great steady light many shells were bursting and searchlights streaming. It was awfully interesting to be watching it all with the French Lieutenant who explained many points I had been wondering about ☙ Then we came home in the pitch dark in our little Ford camion, Al at the wheel and I beside her. We were n't allowed any lights, and as we passed through the silent little French villages not one glimmer was seen in any house. But always ahead of us shells were bursting in the sky. Well, it was a memorable Fourth of July after all, even though I thought many times of " Lochevan " and my darling children and I not there to play " the hiding game " with them.

I must tell you that an adorable French boy comes to see me often at the canteen. He is almost twenty, of a fine French family, and knows Bernard Montelègre who, he tells me, is of a "big French family." He is driving an aviation tender as his father, who is a Colonel in the French Army, will not let him fly. No wonder—he is the third of four sons, one an aviator, one a prisoner in Germany, and the other at the Front. He brought a swanky aviator to the canteen for luncheon yesterday, who also knows Montelègre and is in the same esquadrille. Tomorrow he is going to bring me a large shell for a souvenir.

This morning the station agent presented me with a large piece of one of our defense shells which fell outside the station last night—"éclat," it is called. That is the reason for our steel helmets. We put them on to protect us as we run to our cave which is about half a block down the street.

Well, love to all,

Doris.

Canteen, Somewhere in France,
July 11th, 1918.

Dear Family:

LIST to the exciting news! I am on night duty now, so sleep during the day. At about four o'clock this aft, I was awakened by a tapping on my door and there stood Mrs. Church, our Directrice. "Doris, wake up, there are two

wonderful aviators downstairs asking for you." Well, I was so surprised and sleepy that I said, "Oh! I can not be bothered." Mrs. C. said, "The idea." So I hurriedly dressed and went down. It was Bernard Montelègre and a stunning friend—police dog "Wiz" and motor waiting outside. They were so nice and my French flowed quite smoothly. They are coming soon again for dinner and M— is coming in his auto to take me to see their camp. You know it is intensely fascinating meeting these foreign fellows, one sees such a different side of life. Bernard was attired in dark blue uniform with scarlet stripes on breeches and black cap with scarlet top, gold-braided. He wore the croix de guerre with palm, and his friend, croix de guerre and Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur. I really think I can have an awfully nice time with Bernard for he seems a very sweet boy and extremely peppy. Mention was made of my photo which I sent him, and he put his hand over his heart and said, "Il est toujours avec moi." (It is always with me.) My! what fun Night duty is wonderful. We, Larrabee and I, go on at 6 P. M., work until midnight, then rest till 5 A. M., and on again till 7.45, when we are relieved by the day force. Imagine the situation. Our canteen is a camp for permissionaires, built along a railroad track. At about 8 P. M. we hear the whistle of an approaching train, and a few minutes later its contents of many hundreds of Poilus are pouring into camp. Most of them have not eaten all day, and they almost fall over each other

to get the hot coffee, chocolate and dinners which we always have ready for them. At about 10 P. M. the electric lights go out and from then on we work by candle and lamp light. It is a wonderful picture with the dim light from the kitchen thrown on all those eager faces across the counter—and much smiles and compliments for "les gentiles demoiselles Américanes." Then if the crowd ever quiets down a bit, I hear the distant booming of cannon and look out at the great splashes of light that constantly flare up in the West. Most every night the Boches fly over us on their way to Paris, and then candles and lamps are hastily extinguished and the men bid us a patient "bon soir."

¶ After I am supposed to be resting, I go out and peep at the Poilus in their long "salle a manger." They have candles out there, and some sit about the tables all night talking and writing, while others sleep on the benches. All ages—many fresh, untroubled young faces, and many bearded and worn—French, Sengalese, Algerians, Anamites, and so on in uniforms of faded bleu, khaki of the Foreign Legion, dark blue of the Chausseurs. I hear their voices like the low rumbling of thunder all night long.

The other day a sweet boy from Southern India asked me if he could write me. He is as handsome as can be, black, black face and white, white teeth, and is refined and well-educated. He told me all about hunting tigers and elephants and other interesting things.

Last night, a fine, big, tall boy asked if he could n't

help me in the " Gout de Café," which is the little stall where we sell drinks. He worked like a nailer, and I had quite a restful time. He had been educated in Germany and England and was a peach. So you see every day I meet splendid fellows and always have such awfully good times.

I have just received word from the Red Cross that they are going to send me two Victrolas. I offered to buy two, one for the canteen and one for the hospital camp here, but the Red Cross assured me they had a department which took care of just such things, so I am tickled to death.

Sometimes I go for days without really realizing that there is a war going on, for the Poilus, on their way back to the trenches, hate to talk about it, and we try to cheer them up and get their minds on other things. As a rule the French Poilu is an exceedingly cheery fellow, but often like a flash I 'll see a haggard face out across the counter, with maybe a blessé ribbon on his breast, or on the black band around his left arm, one, two or three stripes of red, white and blue ribbon, one stripe for each brother killed in the war. Or else, as often happens, two fellows will come up to me and one will say, " brother." Then I will hear how these two brothers have not seen each other for two or three years—just by luck have met for a few minutes in camp and they will take two bowls of coffee, and tapping them together, say " a la Victoire " or more often, "Au fin de la guerre," (" To the finish of the

war.") ¶ Well, I must go to bed. It is 10.30 A. M. and I can sleep till 4.30 this afternoon.

Mother, I just received your letter dated June 20th and love it. You can't imagine how I love reading about "Lochevan" and all you dear people doing the same old, cozy, happy things. Tell Mrs. Mills her letter of June 18th was a joy.

Ever love,
Doris.

Cantine des Deux Drapeaux,
July 15th, 1918.

Dear Family:

NOT many miles from the Front and with hundreds of Poilus passing through our camp on their way to the trenches, still we are as gay and merry as one could possibly imagine. Yesterday was the Frenchman's great day—"le quatorze Juillet" (14th of July) the fete which corresponds to our Fourth of July. All of the Poilus have had a goodly amount of "Pinard" (wine) and they shouted and laughed and *complimented* to a tremendous extent. We gave our extra little American and French flags, picture post-cards and souvenir handkerchiefs, and served fruit and pudding with the "repas." The men were in the seventh heaven.

In the evening, the officers of the camp returned our invitation of the Fourth and we all dined with them at their mess. It was great! Strange to say I was again

seated next to Lieutenant Boisson, my partner of the last dinner, and we had quite a gay time. When the champagne began to circulate, toasts and song burst forth, and it gave me a thrill when we drank to " Les deux Sœurs Républiques—la France et l'Amérique." Several of the officers had good voices and they sang some French songs, and then we all stood and sang the " Star Spangled Banner " and " Marseillaise." Now please don't die of mortification when I tell you what a mess I made of myself. For some reason, they all got an idea that I could sing and so nagged me that finally, in sheer desperation and amidst clapping and cheering, I arose to render some simple melody. I chose for the occasion " There Are Eyes of Blue "—why, I do not know, but I got only as far as the first ten words and absolutely choked. It was too funny to be tragic. I dropped back into my chair and hid my face which was suffused with blushes. It was quite awful, but no one seemed to mind, and I came out of it pretty well after all, for I plucked up my courage, and during the rest of the evening joined in songs we all knew.

Lieut. Boisson was quite over-attentive and decorated me with his croix de guerre with palm and two stars, and with a citation written on the back of my place card. Here it is:

" Order No. 1. The 14th of July.
Is cited by the order of the Army of Two Flags
Miss Doris Kellog
Canteener of the first class

For devotion and courage without equal, having dispensed without thought of self, for the French Poilus, pouring many good cups of ' jus ' and agreeable speeches."

How well your Frenchman understands the gentle art of flattery!

At midnight the party broke up, and I had to drive one truck-load of women to the canteen, while Al drove another. It was too exciting, running along the black roads with a strange motor. One of the chauffeurs was in Paris and the other drunk.

Larrabee and I were on night duty, and when everything quieted down, we heard the heaviest booming of the cannon since I 've been here. Last night finished my shift for the week, and I am really sorry it is over. It has been a marvelous experience, those dim, candle-lighted hours.

But I have left for the last the experience that was much the most eventful of yesterday. Al, Mrs. Church and I went over to the camp hospital with supplies which we had gotten for them from the Red Cross and with tobacco for the blessés. I can not possibly overestimate the value of the newspaper " Tobacco Funds " after I saw the joy they sowed amongst those poor fellows. Actually, the men almost went crazy—and they were as pleased as anything over the enclosed blank postal card with the name of the donor of each tobacco kit. One Poilu had even begun his note of thanks before I left. But there was a terribly tragic side

to the affair as well, for as I got toward the end of the long tent ward the nurse came up and said, " No further, please, the rest are Boches." Well, I could hardly bear it, but I knew that she was right and that it would have been weak to let my pity carry me away, and anyway the Frenchmen will share their cigarettes with the Fritzies—they always do. Before I left, the whole ward were laughing, Germans and all, because I said some Poilu slang expressions that I 've learned at the canteen, such as " ta bouche, cherie " (your mouth, dear—or, as we would say, Shut up)—" tu parle, Charles " (now you 're saying something, Charles) and so on. Those poor fellows really went into gales of laughter.

Just before I left the ward the stretcher-bearers came up to the vacant cot I was standing beside and lifted onto it a poor unconscious youngster. One leg had just been amputated and he was the color of death. The nurse asked me to leave a tobacco kit for him, " if he should wake, if—"

Now if anyone tries to tell you that girls and women, but really preferably young girls, are not needed over here, please just politely contradict them. There is untold work for happy, strong women in France, and anyone who knows the situation over here will tell you so. Why, because we can't get enough Americans at our canteen we have had to take older French women, which really almost spoils the whole spirit and idea of the thing. As I told you in one of my other letters,

Major Olds told us that before the Summer was up there would be three jobs for every American woman in France.

It is a fresh, clear day, with white billowy clouds. The sky is full of great buzzing aeroplanes, some are flying very low and others keep appearing from out the clouds and then are lost in them again. They said the Germans came over Chantilly at 5.30 this morning, but I was at the canteen then, filling Poilus with chocolate and café, and so missed out on the excitement.

For Mother's and Father's benefit, I must tell you that I have never been so well and strong before, and some of our older canteeners often look at me and say, " You are extremely well and strong, are you not, Miss Kellogg? Do you ever feel tired? "

Well, I must close now, am going to Creil in our camion. That town is as near the Front as they will let us go. We always see all sorts of thrilling things over there.

Love to everyone,

Dodie.

Canteen,
July 17th, 1918.

Dear Family:

MY job is " caissaire " this week, which means that I sit firmly ensconced in a little ticket stall bleeding the Poilus, fifteen cents each, for their "repas." Yesterday we had over one thousand meals and that was some busy time. I had an

awful fright this noon. A Poilu, crazed with drink, came up to the window and said I owed him money. He shook his fist at me, and then muttered about a " fusil " and was horrible. If it had n't been for the hundreds of sane men about I would have died—as it was, I got perfectly white and felt sort of nauseated. He stayed there in front of me for ages, he seemed sort of foaming at the mouth, and no one dared touch him. Finally I turned my back and sold tickets out of the door, and after a while someone succeeded in getting him away, and he was evidently locked up. That was just one of the varied experiences a canteener has.

By the time you get this letter we shall know just how this fifth great German offensive has come out. We all knew something vital was occurring, for the movement of troops has been tremendous the past few days, and the last two nights and early mornings the boom of cannon has been incessant.

Last night we had the most exciting time. Hundreds of camions full of Poilus went through Chantilly. They began just as we finished dinner at about 8.45, and we had the brilliant idea of throwing cigarettes to them as they passed. I 've never heard such shouting and yelling in my life, and finally the whole line stopped and the men jumped out. They fairly overwhelmed us, grabbing and teasing, and one was so excited he snatched a package right out of my hand. After a while a beautiful golden moon came up, and still in that lovely light the trucks rumbled by, full of tired, dust-covered soldiers.

Sometimes we hear them passing for hours at a time during the night, and occasionally a gay load will go singing by.

As I sit here in my little coop, I can see the trains go past loaded with all sorts of guns, horses, kitchen wagons, etc. How I adore the gaiety of the Frenchmen. Almost every cannon's mouth and cooking stove's chimney is stuffed with wild flowers, and each Poilu has a rose sticking in his cap. They are truly gay cavaliers

Tomorrow I am going to Paris. Great excitement! We 've been out here over six weeks, and so I felt justified in asking for a day off. My principal event of the day will be a shampoo, which is the height of luxury to me now. We fairly eat and drink dust here in the canteen.

So I shall close now and write more when I come back from town tomorrow.

Cantine des Deax Drapeaux,
July 19th, 1918.

One throbbing day in Paris and now back again in my little " guitchet " selling repas tickets.

Paris was wonderful I simply blew myself, at least as far as " cochers " are concerned, and rolled about all day in their cozy ramshackle Victorias. Paris seemed full of American soldiers—I had a hectic time staring at each one in turn, trying to spot some familiar face, but no such luck. I lunched with Major and Mrs. Olds in their attractive apartment, did much necessary

shopping, and then crowned my day by a visit to the Red Cross Hospital at Neuilly. I found two of my old boys still there, and we were so happy to see each other. Tommy, the English boy, who used to scream so when we even touched him,was so fat and well I hardly knew him. Then I wended my way to the officers' pavilion to see Lieut. Ward, the big Texan I loved so. When I looked through the doorway at the man lying opposite me I did n't, at first, recognize him; then that fine, white-teethed smile broke out and we had a great reunion. He is too pathetic, so terribly thin and pale. The doctor promises him at least four more weeks on his back and then a stiff knee for life. He told me the thrilling sequel to his story of the night raid on the German trench in which he was wounded. It seems that sixteen of our boys with Lieut. Ward got into a nest of seventy Boches. Our men killed and wounded forty-three of the enemy and got back to our lines with one killed, one wounded, and the prisoner Lieut. Ward captured. On the way back, they were caught between our own and the German barrage and had to pass through that hail of shrapnel. They have been cited in regimental orders, but I think Ward should be decorated. I assure you the French are awarded for much less than that. Well, it was a great day, but I tell you I was glad to get back to Chantilly again and all the stirring things that are always happening here.

Two days ago the British began pouring down upon us like a cloud burst and they have been marching through

town by hundreds and hundreds. We can see all this from the front windows of our house which is on the quaint main street. " Last night in the pale moonlight " a long file of bare-kneed " kilties " went whistling by. It was great and made me all goose-fleshy.

It is so interesting to note the difference between the British and the French marching soldiers. The Tommies march along in perfect step, erect and dignified, and it is all we can do to get a wave or hello out of them—they are terribly impressive; the only air of gaiety is furnished by their fife and drum corps, which are always with the troops, and the men's whistling. In contrast, picture the armies of France. They come shuffling along, a great waving line of blue, bent under their heavy packs with no music or singing—there is something awfully sinister and awe-inspiring about it. But wait and see the greatest contrast of all—the instant the Frenchies catch sight of us girls, there arises a great shouting and gesticulating of arms, hands pressed over hearts and kisses blown and "Ah! regardez, les jolies mademoiselles, Venez avec nous, gentile miss," etc., etc. (Oh! look, the pretty ladies. Come with us, gentle miss.) Now they are the gayest fellows in the world

How I am dying to see our own glorious Sammies come singing along. The French adore our boys and you really can not over-estimate the invigorating influence their wonderful " esprit " has had over here.

Last night the Huns flew over us on their way to Paris

and the Creil defense guns shook our house. Al and I went down to the cave like the sensible girls we are. My, but it was a brilliant night, clear moon and many stars, and all about " éclat " bursting in the sky. You have no idea of the different feeling in the atmosphere now, as compared with that during the last offensive. Then, everyone was grim and apprehensive; but now, the morale has shot up like a rocket and we all expect fine things to come. There is a suppressed excitement like electricity in the air.

It is late at night, but before I go to bed I must tell you the things that have happened today. As we drove into Chantilly this evening in our camion, we saw lined up in front of the station masses and masses of German prisoners. We were ready to scream with joy. There were fifteen hundred of them, and all taken by our boys at Soissons today. It is too wonderful! I stood so near them as they marched past that they bumped into me time after time. I must tell you that those Huns were the most encouraging sight I 've seen since I 've seen in France. No exaggeration, they are a terribly mangy-looking crowd—poor uniforms to begin with, pieced and worn, and then they are very young and have a decidedly under-nourished look, thin and very poor color. There were two captains and many lieutenants; and quite a bunch of them were wounded. But tonight was the most unforgetable experience of all. The wounded are pouring in here by scores and we heard that they needed food over at the huge tent evacuation

hospital and that there were many Americans there. So after dinner we got our camion, loaded it with a crate of tobacco, hot chocolate, bread and eggs, and Al ran us over. I can not begin to express the condition of things in those tents. They are swamped with wounded and without hope of doing anything for the men except what is utterly essential. There, lying about in the grass, were the wounded Germans, blood-caked and exhausted; some of the worst cases were given a tent and I watched them going in, helping each other as well as they could. One boy crawling and dragging one leg—it was too pitiful and I had to give him an encouraging smile. He appreciated that and smiled back so gratefully. We gave some cigarettes to one old Red Cross Fritzie who had given first aid to twelve of our wounded boys on the battlefield. It was great, how anxious all our boys were to tell us about him, so glad to be able to think anything nice of a German.

Then we took off our coats and pitched in. I gave water to boys who were writhing in pain, fed men who had not eaten for two and three days, and tried my best to make the poor devils a little bit comfortable on their stretchers that will probably be their beds for a day or so more. I went from gaunt, sunken-eyed Frenchmen to our own open-faced Americans. The French with their exquisite appreciation thanked me so beautifully and our boys smiled and said, " She 's an American all right." But most of them could not rally enough to even think, and after giving them some water we just

let them sleep. The most heartrending time of all is when you have to refuse a boy a drink on account of the location of his wound, for fear of starting a hemorrhage, it makes your heart ache as though it were being torn out. Then it got dark, and in the dimly lighted tents those long rows of suffering soldiers were pretty awful. As we came out to the auto, the ambulances were still piling in, and the full moon gave enough light to help along the work of unloading.

One more thing before I go to sleep. They say we are two and a half miles from Soissons and that it must fall. Can you imagine with what intense feeling I shall wake up tomorrow and run for the paper, after seeing and knowing what our glorious Allies have suffered to get this far? As one wounded Sammy from Utah said to me tonight, " We 've just *got* to get Soissons, that 's all." So good night.

Doris.

P.S. Got Ruth Kellogg's, Ruth Robb's, and Betty Reynolds' wonderful letters.

" The White House "

I CAN not fool myself into thinking that I 'm not tired tonight. I 've come up to my room alone with a plate full of food and am having a restful, solitary dinner.

Worked at canteen all day till 3.30 this afternoon, then drove the camion full of supplies back here to Chantilly and spent the afternoon giving chocolate, eggs and

iced tea to the wounded at the tent hospital. It is a touching sight, I can tell you, to see our boys in their khaki uniforms all torn and bloody and the fellows dirty and unshaven. But they are the best old sports and as plucky as fighting cocks. Found one boy from North Tonawanda, who lived next door to Hamilton Large, but forgot to ask his name. One of the French nurses asked me to give her a hand with one huge fellow and whispered, " He 's a Boche." He was as heavy as lead and we had quite a tussle getting an extra blanket roll under his back to make him more comfortable. It won't be long before he " Goes West," I guess, as he has a big piece of French shell in his chest, and is already the color of death.

Just to show you the mixture of races in that hospital; there lay a frank, yellow-haired, young Yankee, with a Boche on one side of him, on the other an immense, coal black African with tattooed face and grotesquely cut hair. Across the ward was an Arab, still with his turban wound about his head—then an Algerian, upon whom I spotted restless " totos "—and sprinkled all up and down the ward our fine " camarades," the Poilus of France. And each one got his sweet chocolate and tea, thanks to the Red Cross. Imagine! They say that fifteen hundred ambulances went past our house down the main street of Chantilly during the night.

We have been asked by the Red Cross to open a canteen on the race-track there beside the hospital, where the boys can get chocolate, tobacco, lemonade, etc. Won't

it be great! Oh, if I could only tell you the tremendousness of being able to be over here and to devote all the strength and devotion in your soul and body toward helping our glorious brothers win this war! What an opportunity!

It is cloudy, so the Boche will probably stay on their own side of the fence tonight. I could have scratched them last night when I had to haul myself out of bed at about 1.30 A. M. and go shivering down to the cave. ¶ I asked Montelègre and his friend to dinner tonight, but they have just telegraphed that the letter only arrived today, and of course it was too late to accept. ¶ Well, dear every one, Al seems to think that I do nothing but write the family. Do you get bored with such a flourishing correspondence?

Love to all,

Doris.

P.S. For Tot's benefit, or any one else's whose heart is over here in France, please let me tell you this—if all my letters seem to paint tragic things, then it is only because they are the most striking features to me, who am so new at the game. Some day I am going to paint the happy, hopeful side of the picture, just as Dr. Holmes does in his Thanksgiving sermons. For really, inside the cloud of dirt and hurting, there is a silver lining. The boys are soon in some clean white hospital in the South, and wounds do heal *very* quickly. They are surrounded with love and sympathy most of the time, for the whole heart of France has been given

to us. And the more than silver, the platinum lining of the cloud of war is beginning to break through all along the horizon. ¶ Will Soissons fall? We must take it soon. Good night, Doris.

Chantilly,
July 25th, 1918.

Dear Family:

YOU know it 's the saddest thing in the world. Every morning now, some of us take time off to go to the funerals of our boys who die in the hospitals. We follow the hearses a long way through the forest road to a new cemetery that has been cleared this last week. You can imagine the impressiveness of it all, so simple, with no unnecessary flourishes. I tell you, since I 've seen our Star Spangled Banner draping those coffins the flag has had a new meaning for me.

We have arranged a sort of rolling canteen, which consists of taking hot chocolate, fruit, cigarettes, etc. to the different hospitals in our little Ford camion. The boys are wild with joy to see us coming, and we have been able to relieve many a hungry and thirsty man this way. Last night eight huge camions arrived straight from the Front full of " légère blessés " (light wounded) and you can not imagine what that piping hot chocolate meant to them.

What do you know about the nerve of a filthy Boche who appeared over Chantilly yesterday at 10 o'clock in the morning? I was at the tent hospital when I heard

our defense barrage, and ran out to see a great flying monster up in the sky, right over my head. No doubt it was a photographing machine, getting the position of the hospital in order to bomb it on some clear moonlight night. When I caught sight of one of the German blessés looking up and trying to hide a smile with his hand, I was more enraged than I 've ever been in my life. I think for the first time I really felt a spasm of hate. My one hope was that our bursting shells would "get him" and bring the beast down in flames. After an experience like that, you know you begin to feel as the French nurses do who have to grit their teeth when they are waiting on the Boche.

Yesterday I wrote letters for our boys who could n't manage it themselves. I had the funniest time trying to get them to tell me what to say. They 'd say, " Well, you just go ahead and write just like you was writin' home." So I 'd exercise my imagination a bit, and then when I got to the end I 'd say, " Now, how shall I end it ! " No suggestions forthcoming. " Well, shall I say with love ! ", I asked one big fellow to whose mother and father I was writing. He simply "died" at that and, stretching in an embarrassed way, said, " This ain't no love letter. No, just say, 'I remain your son, Jeremiah.' "

¶ Having learned a lesson in correspondence from the above-mentioned Jeremiah, I remain your daughter,

Doris.

P.S. All my letters to the family are written in great haste. Please excuse utterly horrible writing.

Cantine,
July 26th, 1918.

Dearest Father and Mother:

I HAVE just received your two letters written on July 1st and 5th. They are too wonderful and so welcome. You know I almost died laughing at the impression the new foreman Prichard has made on your minds. You have mentioned him in idealizing terms in every letter since last April. I 'm terribly glad he is such a success. First and foremost, let me thank you for Junior's address. I was wild not having it, because I might have missed a chance of seeing him some time. One can never tell. And so many Americans go through Orry. Yesterday, nine long train-loads of Sammies passed the canteen, and we spent most of our day waving to them and yelling " hello " to the neglect of the Poilus.

July 28th, 1918.

Yesterday was a thrilling day. We served eight hundred and fifty Poilus at luncheon, which kept us hopping, and then just as things were beginning to quiet down, a message came from the next town that there was a wounded American there and for us to send for him to take him to the hospital. So I was detailed to drive the Ford camion and we started out. It was really exciting, the urge of the thing, and all in a wild, windy, rainstorm. But, to cut a long story short, upon arriving at S—, we found another auto had carried off the blessé and we

were not needed. The real excitement came when on our return we passed through two towns where *our* boys are billeted. They were the first well Sammies I have seen at close range, and I assure you that I *saw* those fellows—close, closer, closest. We stopped the car and in no time were surrounded with khaki. Such a babbling conversation! Each one wanted to talk and to tell me about *his* war. They said I was the first American girl they 'd talked to in months. " You don't know what it does for a fellow to be able to talk to a real American girl," so many of them said. One big fellow insisted on buying me six packages of cookies at the Y. M. C. A. canteen, and when I had been refusing to take them for several minutes, he said, " You would n't refuse these, Miss, if you knew what State of the Union I came from. I 'm from ' Vaginia.' "

¶ Well, after that trip I drove the Ford on some more errands in the wonderful storm and then came home to Chantilly.

We had Clay Ferguson here for dinner, the aviator from Amsterdam. He is with the " Storks," which esquadrille Guynemeyer belonged to, and which boasts Fouck now, the two crack flyers of France. He says he will bring Fouck to dinner some time. The trouble with Clay is that he won't tell us the thrilling tales he could, because he says the Americans have the reputation of bragging and that they are trying to live that down. I know he has gotten several Huns himself and that he was a prisoner in Germany for three days and then

escaped, but it is too aggravating to try to draw him out.

¶ Just came back from the hospital. Found a Polish-American from Buffalo, and we shook hands and had a nice chat about Humboldt Park and Fillmore Avenue and Walbridge's east side store. Then I took all the roses I could buy in Chantilly and gave one to each man. No one can imagine how the Frenchmen adore flowers till you see them, in horrible pain, bury their faces in a rose and smile. I have a special friend, an Arab, only twenty-three, and very ill. He has just had his leg amputated. When I come up to the cot he stretches out his hand takes mine, and then puts his to his lips and kisses it. And the same when I leave. He was so horribly ill before they took off his leg, and used to cry for water and keep tapping his empty cup on the board beside his bed, and then when we couldn't give him anything for fear of hemorrhage, he would wail and pray to Allah. But amputations heal so rapidly and he is so much better now, though so, so sad. Yesterday I said, "I am so sorry for you." His chin trembled and tears came to his eyes, but he smiled and said, "C'est la guerre, mademoiselle, we must all suffer." ❧ ❧

If I could only convey to you the tremendous enthusiasm of the French for our boys—nurses, poilus, aviateurs, generals, etc., etc. can not speak in too glowing terms of our Yanks fighting—"C'est comme nous dans 1914," (like us in 1914).

I came home on the train with a French aviateur who

had just come down from the battle of Soissons. When he saw my U. S., he sat on the edge of his seat and began simply raving over the Amex' work there— " Mais ils sont superb! " he said, and pinching a kiss from his lips, blew it in the air. It tickles our boys to death to hear those things, and they ask us, knowing perfectly well what we will answer, " Say now nurse, tell us just what these French people think of us wild Americans! " and then they will smile inwardly for a long time after we 've told some of the praises we 've heard for them.

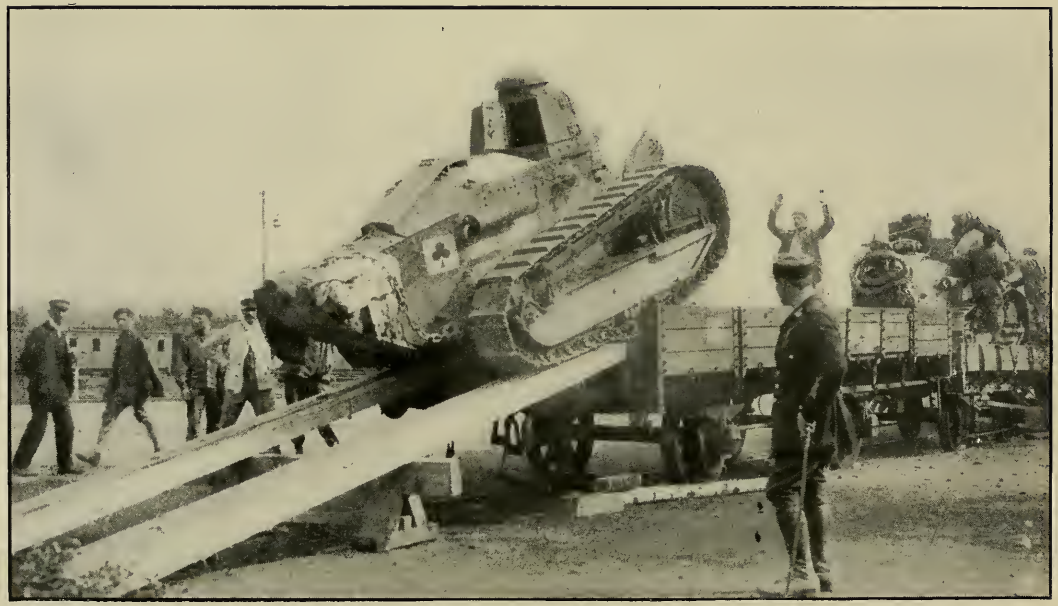
Well, folks, I must close and go on my afternoon shift. I wrote a letter to Junior and am so anxious to know where he is.

Love to all,
Doris.

" The White House "
C———
July 30th, 1918.

Dear Everyone:

I REALLY should not be writing at this hour of night, 10 P. M., as I have to get up at six tomorrow morning (and I do try to take good care of myself); but I have just received the juiciest bunch of letters from you home folks, Aunt Annie, Gert and Andrew, How and Cyrena, and Ruth, and I am tingling with home news and affection. I repeat again and again that your letters



BABY TANK

are joys. Was n't it simply great of Aunt Annie to write me?

Next day.

My, but it was interesting yesterday here in Chantilly, long lines of squirming, straining tanks passed through town at different intervals all day. They were coming from the Front where they have been fighting with our Marines at C— and were the raciest looking things in the world, covered with mud and dust and so cleverly camouflaged and with wicked looking guns sticking out of their turrets. I think I have had a slight change of heart since yesterday, and from now on these marvelous tankers are my matinée idols. They are really snappier than the aviators, though one really should not compare them, they are so different. The ace is always perfectly " soigner " (well-groomed), and goodness knows attractive enough, but your tanker is a dashing, devil-may-care fellow, in black baret (tam), black leather coat and a long knife stuck through his belt. I think of them as pirates of the land, in their rolling, heaving tanks. We handed each fellow a package of cigarettes as he passed. It was like feeding animals; a hand would be thrust out of the small opening in the front of the tank where the driver sits, grab the smokes, and then be drawn quickly in again. In front of each machine—(Oh, you 'll have to excuse me a minute, family, there is a plane flying right over my head, and the pilot is looking down. I can see him as

plainly as anything, he is so low, so I shall hang out of the window and wave my bath-towel at him. He has gone on the other side of town now, so I can continue my letter.)Then in front of each machine stalked the gunner, too snappy for anything, with knife in belt, and a long, easy stride. Really it was a great sight. ¶ Well, I have just had an exceedingly satisfactory afternoon. As soon as I got back from the canteen I put on white shoes and stockings, clean blue apron and white collar and coif, and went over to the hospital. Last night I had delivered the graphaphone that I got from the Red Cross for them, and so I wanted to make a sort of fete of the presentation. We had it out on the grass in the midst of the blessés, who were fortunate enough to be able to get outside, and I can tell you all those stretchers bore pretty smiling burdens today. The music sounded so sweet there in the sunshine. I took enough cigarettes for each man in the whole hospital to have two, and gave every one a small American and French flag. You really can not imagine how utterly pleased those great babies were, and some said so sweetly " Vive l'Amérique " One said, "Ah, the two sister Republics, the great America and her little sister, France." But what do you think I did? " Malheur de malheurs ! "—I handed one horribly banged up fellow two cigarettes and two flags, and no sooner had done so than there were great gleeful exclamations from the Frenchmen all about — "Aha! Mademoiselle, il est Boche, fixes les drapeaux au-dessu

sa lit," (he is a Boche. Fasten the flags over his bed.) I was really awfully sorry about it and smiled apologetically when he handed the flags back to me in a dignified manner, but he kept the cigarettes all right. Now I know all the men in the hospital, and it is the happiest thing in the world to see nearly all of them looking better each day. As I passed one of the operating rooms I saw much blood streaming from the table and discovered it came from a leg which had just had the foot amputated. I told one darling little boy from Springfield, Mass., today he must try to feel happier so that he would get well more quickly. He was shot in the lung and is having a pretty tough time—is only nineteen. So as I was leaving I said, " Now tell me if there is anything that I can do for you or bring you that will cheer you up and make you feel better. Is there anything that you would like? " Then with a grave little smile, " I 'd like some chewing-gum, please." Here 's hoping I can get to Paris for it tomorrow. I bought some Algerian dates for my Arab.

This is my week in the Gout, and ever time a girl's shift happens to be there she has killing experiences, because the Poilus hang around and that is the time when they get in their heavy wooing. Yesterday a shy swain of about thirty kept coming back to the counter for coffee and chocolate, and finally when he got a chance he looked over at me and said, " Mademoiselle, I am a garcon (waiter)." " Oh, you are," said I, " waiter in a hotel? " " Non, I am a garcon." " Yes, I under-

stand, waiter in a hotel or restaurant?" "But no, mademoiselle, you do not understand, I am a garcon—that is to say, not married. I have not had good luck." At that I remembered some errand out in the other room—I was too hot for another proposal that day ☙
Our chauffeur, Potter, a killing, outspoken American boy, gets so tired of the Frenchmen's habits that he said in the most disgusted voice, "These darned Frenchmen would flirt with the Virgin Mary if they saw her in the yard." That last is only for those who are shock proof.
The American boys in Chantilly have discovered us and now we always have a circle of them standing about in front of the "White House," all talking their heads off. That seems to be what they want to do, just to speak English, and they can hardly resist all talking at once. Then they know that American tobacco comes out of this green front door—they seem to scent it and follow the trail here. Nice old boys—men are so childish and helpless in many ways. I have seen such a lot of them over here and grown so fond of them and felt that I know them so well that I think "apres la guerre" I shall be able to travel all over the world and find a friend in every village—of *les Allies.*
How brilliantly goes the war now! "Ca va très bien aujourd'hui!" we can say to the Poilus every morning when we see the papers. Up beyond F. en T. our Franco-Americans are pushing back the Huns gloriously.
Well, dear every one, keep up the good work of writing

THIS IS THE FAMOUS "GOUT DE CAFE." DO YOU RECOGNIZE "AL?"

me. You can feel it is a bit of war work if you will, please. You don't know how happy it makes me feel that you 're glad I 'm over here.

Ever love,
Dodie.

Cantine,
August 2d, 1918.

Dear Family:

I CAN hardly contain my jubilant spirit this morning. " Soissons is retaken ! " Imagine the excitement at the station this morning. ¶ I took the early train from Chantilly and found all my prospective fellow voyagers buzzing about at a great rate with newspapers fluttering in their hands. I must admit that the Yankees seemed the most thrilled and the Frenchmen smiled at us in a calm, interested way; but you see we are so newly in it and they so tired after four years. Today is the first day of the fifth year of the war. " un peu trop long " (a little too long) the French say. So this victory comes at quite a crucial time. " Soon in Berlin, Mademoiselle " the Poilus say to me this morning as I serve them their chocolate and coffee.

At last I have seen my godson, Joseph Duyck. He came here to visit me at the canteen the other day, and I was simply delighted with him. He is just twenty, already a sergeant, and has the " croix de guerre " with two stars. He looks exactly as Nelson Mann will in a few

more years. All the canteen were crazy about him, and I could n't help crowing over my good luck in godsons. Both Duyck and Montelègre are coming to see me next week on their return to the Front. I have a few American magazines I am sending Duyck. He wants them more than anything else; says his one pleasure at the Front is to read or to write letters. Can you mail me a bunch of periodicals, Mother, under separate cover, of course, as otherwise they would be too heavy to come by post? They like magazines that have interesting and amusing illustrations

You know I think this inundation of Americans into France is going to do wonderful things in the way of liberating the French women. Already the French girls are beginning to revolt against the confining lives they have to lead, and look with envy at the freedom of us American girls. And the French men are waking up as well. One boy said to me, after telling me about the French girls never being allowed to even walk alone on the streets with a man—" You know it seems as though they could not trust us men." Several of the girls I know in Paris have already cut loose and are defying Parisian convention. One French boy said to me, " Oh! you American girls are wonderful, you can go anywhere. I so tease my cousins by telling them that while they sit at home, you American girls come up to help us fight, and you are the first ones to give us a smile when we come out of the trenches." But on the other hand, glorious work has been done by many

devoted French women since the beginning of the war, particularly in the hospitals. When a French woman undertakes a thing, she is as tireless as the Poilu.

August 4th, 1918.

We are in a gale of joy. Our spirits are mounting so high that I think they will raise the roof of the canteen. Fifty French villages retaken yesterday It is too glorious! All our servants from the "Pays envahii" (invaded country) begin to talk of returning to their homes, and one woman who lives quite up in the North, said, "Perhaps soon I may go back to my country again." Al is so thrilled that she is almost wild. The Red Cross is already planning about the re-opening of our canteen at Fismes, which has no doubt been looted by the Germans during their occupation, if not utterly destroyed

Yesterday I visited two hospitals and took the men oranges and cigarettes. I said to one pale-faced Poilu who had just been brought in, "Is n't the war going beautifully?" and he said, "Yes, but not without much suffering." One fellow had a bright new "medaille militaire" over his bed, which is about the highest honor a Poilu can have, and I admired it and congratulated him, but he smiled sadly and said he would rather have his eye back than that.

I found a boy from Buffalo in one of the hospitals, A. A. Fox, an ambulance driver, and we had a nice chat about the Pierce Arrow Plant and Shea's Theater

and other things we had in common. He knew just where I lived, and really I almost felt he belonged to me after I left him. I gave him two nice big cakes of sweet chocolate. You know every time I enter a hospital or see wounded anywhere, I have a dread of suddenly looking into some familiar face. But if any of my friends are wounded over here, I hope I may be near to do the little things for them that make their suffering a bit easier to bear.

This morning I came down to the canteen very early with Al and our Directrice as it is Sunday, and mass is always said for the servants and Poilus in camp. Out in the " refectoire " a rough kitchen table had been set with a clean, white, table-cloth, lighted candles, crucifix, and a beautiful pink hydrangea plant. It made a lovely improvised altar. The soldier-priest was so picturesque in his long white vestment with sky-blue uniform showing through the lace. I loved it.

August 5th, 1918,

My, but yesterday was a satisfactory Sunday. After luncheon at the canteen, some of us went in the truck to visit the " Scottish Women's Hospital " at the Abbey of Royaumont. The old stone abbey, built by St. Louis in 1228, is the most picturesque place in the world, with its beautiful gothic windows, high, slender steeple and vine-covered walls. Imagine the picture: the old pillared cloisters filled with rows of wounded French and Americans—grey walls and flagstone floors, black iron cots and turkey red quilts, white hospital shirts

with scarlet crosses. Then the huge gothic chapel, high, high ceiling, glorious stained glass windows at one end, and at the other a high arched entrance—and more rows of cots and scarlet covers. In the chapel I found a Marine from Detroit, only eighteen years old, with a terrible wound. His right elbow is shot away and he suffers agonies. They have to give him morphine after every dressing and every night so that he can sleep. Well, I spent all my afternoon with him because he would n't let me go—he simply clung to me and begged me to stay. You really can't imagine what it means to our boys to see and talk with an American girl. I can't realize it myself, only I know they make you feel like a fairy princess. This kid has huge black eyes, black, black hair, and is so white and gaunt. He reminded me of Don, teasing me to sing more songs, when he begged me not to go away.

Love to all,

Doris.

August 10th, 1918.

Dearest Mother, here are millions of kisses and one long hug for you on your birthday. If I could get to Paris I would cable you, but I can not do that, and we are not allowed to cable from here. But here is love, love, and more love from your devoted

Doris.

P.S. Got a peach of a letter from Junior and am so glad to know where he is. If he ever needs me for anything,

he has promised to let me know. If Ruth comes over, please bring my black velvet dress. A Poilu came back to the Gout three times to look at my ankles.

" The White House "

Dear Family:

I HAD just a few minutes ago thrown myself on my bed to snatch a bit of " repos " before going to work at noon—as I got up very early this morning to go to Creil with Al for meat—when I heard my name yelled excitedly, and then "Boches!" I ran to the window and saw for the first time here in Chantilly a great bunch of German prisoners shuffling past our house. Gee, but you don't know how much good that sight did my heart. They looked up at me in the window and I was joyous to have them see me standing there with our American flag blowing over my head.

The war news is too wonderful and every one has taken a new lease on life, particularly the French people. They can not sing too loudly the praises of our American troops, " Chic soldats " is one of their favorite expressions

¶ But in spite of it all, I 'm blue this morning. One of my nice boy friends has just come way out from Paris to tell me good-bye as he is entering an artillery school, but I was not in and missed him. That is the fourth or fifth time he has tried to see me. You don't know how disappointing it is to miss a chance for a nice visit like

that because you see I get so tired of always writing these boys and hardly ever seeing them. It is quite tragic ☙ ☙

Well, I think I won't try to write any more now. We see and do pretty nearly the same things every day, but of course with always different lighting effects on the same scenery. I am as thrilled as ever over my work, have applied for another three months' extension of my papers which expire on the 22nd of this month.

Cantine des Deux Drapeaux,
Serveillers.

Dear Family:

I AM having a week at Serveillers as caissaire, quite the weight of the world on my head, as I have the responsibility of all the money matters of the canteen. But we have a peach of a crowd here this week, Brundred, Tenny, Larrabee and O'Brien, all young bloods, and you can't know the difference it makes in our morale. We work like nailers but we play between times quite as strenuously.

Al has tonsilitis and she is blue as indigo. Poor kid has nasty tonsils and is going to have them taken out before the Winter sets in. You know I thank my lucky stars many times a day to think that I had mine out before I left home. I have been absolutely free from sore-throat, in the midst of coughing, gargling co-workers—and then think of the corking time I had when I had my operation!

The war still goes on gloriously. I get short cards from my godson Duyck, written in the midst of the battle that has been raging now for over a week. His regiment is in the thick of things, and I feel so anxious about him. You know I told you that he is only twenty and is the image of Nelson grown up. He is so sweet and bright, and I feel quite like his real, christened godmother now since I 've seen him. After the war, he so wants to come to America, and I should like to be able to show him the way Americans live and work.

Last Sunday I drove some of the workers over to the Scottish Women's Hospital at Royaumont. We took a big crate of peaches, some home-made fudge, and cigarettes. How anxiously our American boys look for us, and it is too wonderful to see their faces light up as they catch sight of us coming through the cloisters. There was quite a bit of excitement amongst the Yanks, as a French officer had been to the hospital a few days before and taken names for the awarding of French medals. It seems that six of our boys are to get the " croix de guerre," and a boy from Detroit, in whom I have been especially interested, is to be given the " medaille militaire " and " croix de guerre " with palm. Poor kid, he certainly deserves it, as he has had his whole elbow blow away, and even though they may be able to prevent an amputation, he will never have the use of his right arm again. You see the " medaille militaire " is given for the most serious wounds. Well, it was too amusing and typical of American honesty to

hear those kids discuss the matter. I told them how glad I was about it and so on, and then they said, " But say now honestly, nurse, can you tell me just why we 're getting these medals? We did n't do anything to earn them, but just let a ball hit us." And the Detroiter lay there with his dead white face and bright black eyes, and in such a humorous voice said, " Now sister, it 's too funny. Gee whiz! Imagine *me* with a medal militaire! And what have I done to deserve it? Now really, please tell me why I should be given that." So I tried to explain that it was a recognition of the sacrifice he had made for our country and France, and when he said he could n't see that he 'd made much of a sacrifice, I said I thought giving his good right arm in the cause of liberty and freedom was quite something to do. Well, it was very sweet, their unconscious heroism.

Some days later.

We 've just come down to the canteen in the midst of the most active day air raid I 've ever seen. Three Boches hummed over us to the booming accompaniment of all the defense guns for miles around. We saw them plainly, sailing along, great white monsters in the midst of black puffs of smoke. Then we began to hear the buzz of French planes and counted over ten of them giving chase. They 've passed now, and are out of sight. You must be getting tired of my writing about air raids. I seem to go into lengthy descriptions

of them in every letter, but they are so wonderful. ¶ To change the subject—though I can't say to a pleasanter theme—what do you think now? Al and I are covered with "totos," in English, cootie-bites. Talk about agony! We are almost wild, and the awful part is that we can not at all discover where we get them. Al's theory is that they are in our beds. Well, she is right too, for upon a close inspection of hers, we found three large fellows and quite a settlement of eggs. But that has all been thoroughly cleansed and purified and still we continue to be devoured. I guess we get them from ye Poilus and bring them home, and then in ye wee sma' hours they get hungry and partake of us. Well, we should worry—don't much.

I got a letter from Jim Coatsworth telling me about his flying boat accident, also asking me to dine with him in Paris in September when he comes up from Italy for a ten days' leave. Would n't it be fun if Ruth were here then? When are you coming, dear old nut? Last night I got thinking about your dear, calm face, and I got so excited about seeing you. I hang on the mails for news from you on the subject. Please tell Tot I was so impressed with the clipping about her engagement, but I am glad to be able to say that nary a drop of jealousy crept into my joy for her.

Now I must into my ticket stall. It will be like being cooked alive today.

Ever lovingly,

Dodie.

" The White House,"
August 12th, 1918.

Dear Family:

GEE! but that was exciting! A German plane just flew over us, way, way up above the clouds, with the sun shining on it. I dashed to the window when I heard the banging of our anti-aircraft guns, and I can tell you the shells were bursting about that bird of prey at a great rate. He dodged behind the few clouds that are afloat this afternoon, but had to come out soon and duck for Germany. The aggravating part is that photographs can be taken from a plane flying way out of reach of any cannon, and yet our planes can not go up to fight for fear of being hit by our own barrage. Well, we 'll get him before he gets home, I hope.

Of course you are reading about the hundreds of prisoners the Allies are taking. Every day we see loads of them passing through both Chantilly and Orry. Lucky dogs! " War finish " for them now and mighty good treatment from their captors.

August 13th, 1918.

I 'm on night duty again, this time as an old girl and head of the shift, and I want to say that keeping these French servants in order is no joke. They beat it off with the Poilus whenever they get an opportunity—which is only too often furnished by the almost nightly signal of hostile aircraft. Lights must all be put out,

and if the barrage gets too heavy every one runs to the woods to seek protection under the trees. Nutty idea! Though I suppose the trees would dissipate the falling shrapnel

I will take a bit of " repos " now for this aft we are going over to Senlis to visit hospitals and see the wonderful old cathedral there, built in 1155.

Cantine des Deux Drapeaux,
August 14th, 1918.

Dear Family:

JUST received Mother's and Don's wonderful letters of the 19th of July. I get so thrilled over them that my heart trips faster than after a cup of black coffee. And the photos! They are so welcome. I rushed about, showing them to all of the girls and we fairly beamed over them. Pa's chicken pot-stew sounded luscious, and as chicken is about the only thing we never get over here, I was quite envious. And Don's letter was so dear. I 'll answer it soon

Well, I 'm certainly in luck having Al chauffing here at the canteen, because I am getting in on the most wonderful auto rides. We went rolling all about the country this morning, looking for fresh vegetables for our Poilus. I can not tell you how soul-restful it was. We went winding down little hills into sleepy villages; the women were washing their linen in the streams that run through most of the little towns, and we saw

small groups of blue-clad soldiers marching along the narrow cobble-stoned streets. The sky was blue, the hay was golden, the sunlight bright, and we were happy. When I was in Paris, I bought two dozen gaily painted rubber balls, and so, whenever I go in the auto, I take a few and toss them to the children as we pass. You can't imagine how pleased they are. They act as though suddenly from the sky St. Nicholas had thrown them the most beautiful gift—dear little kids! I 'm on night duty, you see, so I can fill my days with many wonderful excursions

Yesterday a bunch of us went to Senlis in the big camion to visit a hospital there. We took a huge marmite of hot chocolate, loads of cigarettes, playing cards and some fudge. We found the hospital which was kept by nuns, in a long, low building, with a quaint flagstone courtyard. There were " Grands blessés " there, and among them five American boys. The walls of one of the long wards were riddled with bullet holes that had been made by the Germans in 1914, and at one end, the walls about the large crucifix were simply peppered, but not one shot had touched the cross nor had one of the wounded been hit. Was n't it a miracle? You know this sort of hospital work is about the most satisfactory thing we do. You can imagine what it means to our boys, tucked off in some out-of-the-way French hospital, to suddenly see a smiling American face leaning over him with *American* cigarettes in her left hand and in the right hand a good Yankee hand-shake—and then a

chance to talk about " back home." I 'm not exaggerating when I say that now I can spot an American boy every time in the midst of rows of Frenchmen and before he speaks a word. They have a certain clear look in their eyes, and frank open faces. I 'll be going down a ward full of Frenchmen, stopping at each bed with hot chocolate perhaps, and chatting a little with each man about his wounds—they want so to talk about their wounds—when, suddenly, I 'll see a face maybe half way down the room, looking at me and smiling, and I 'll say, "Ah! You 're an American." " You bet I am, Ma'am." We 've often been able to send to Paris for an American nurse to come out and take care of these poor, isolated Yanks. And then it 's so glorious to be able to help the Frenchmen, they are so grateful and appreciative. One French boy with seven wounds, and on the brink between life and death, smiled a faint, happy smile when I gave him a box of dominoes and asked him if he knew how to play. He was so weak, but he wanted to show me his knowledge of the game and painstakingly began placing the pieces in order on his bed. He was just twenty years old. The nun says he can not live.

Oh, Ruth! hurry up and come over. I look each day for a letter from you asking me to cable for you. You must go in for hospital recreation work with us this winter, it is wonderful they say. We would have a hut connected with some large hospital and have all sorts of things there to amuse the sick and convalescent boys—

Victrola, games, piano, reading and writing materials, chocolate, cigarettes, etc. I know you 'd adore it. We 're staying here through September anyway, and could all go in for something new together. I 'm so crazy to hear from you.

I 've just finished wrapping up a fine batch of fudge to send to Junior Trubee. I made it at the canteen last night. Gee, but it tastes like home!

I am enclosing two letters I just received from such sweet young boys—one, Xavier, a most wonderful looking East Indian, and the other a French boy, who passed through Orry one day. These are only sample letters. I have so many of them. The men love above everything to receive and to write letters, it 's about the only amusement they have at the Front. Speaking of fronts, if it does n't stop moving away from us, we 'll be left absolutely in the shade. We only occasionally hear the firing now, and at that very faintly, really " trés tranquil ici maintenant."

These nights at the canteen, as I look out at the passing trains, it is a solemn thing to see the long Red Cross hospital cars go slowly by; some of them have green lights inside and they look so ghostly and dismal.

Well, every one, I must lay me down a bit now.

Love to all,

Doris.

" The White House,"
Between 1 and 2 A. M.,
August 20th, 1918.

Dearest Tot:

JUST one minute ago the " alert " for an air raid went sputtering off, in the form of a string of machine-gun shots—about fifty seconds later, the wailing siren began its warning cry and is still disturbing the peace of this wonderful star and moonlit night. Ah! there go the great defense guns between here and Creil. That means that in a few minutes we shall hear the hum of the Hun planes, at first far off and then growing louder and more distinct; then our own anti-aircraft guns will begin booming

There they go, bang, boom! Al is looking out the window and says that the great, powerful searchlights hardly make an impression tonight, the moon is so bright. Now I hear the planes coming, surging, surging, steadily louder. Sput, sput, sput, the machine guns are spitting their heads off, I 've never heard them so persistent. Here they are, the planes! Out go my lights. They must be on top of us.

* * * * * *

Good night! Tot! but that was thrilling for a while. When I blew out my candle I ran to the window and by Jove! if it did n't sound as though one of those Huns was right over my head. Then suddenly the noise of the motor absolutely stopped. Can it be that one of our

guns got the Boche? It would be too wonderful. We ran out doors then and there up over our heads was the most perfect full moon with little puffs of smoke from our cannon floating all around it, like some new kind of advertisement for puffed rice.

I 'm back to my upper chamber again. There comes another motor—they are still trying to skin through to Paris. Aha! the defense guns are fairly shaking this little house with their firing. I can hear shrapnel from them falling out in our garden. *Good night!* that is the first time I 've heard the whistle of a shell, but I certainly did just then. The machine guns are sending out tracer bullets and they go darting up into the sky like giant rockets on the Fourth of July. Out goes my candle, the planes are on top of us again!

* * * * * *

Heavens, what a sport—to think that those guns are after men. Is n't it horrible? I can't wait till tomorrow to hear the news, also to pick up the shrapnel that 's been hailing down on our roof and court. The cannon are still booming, the machine guns still spitting and the surge of the planes still in my ears. Later they will be coming back over us on their return trip from Paris to Berlin. But here 's hoping they will have to stop off " Somewhere in France " instead of ever reaching their destination.

I 'm going to bed now. I 'm tired and find the war

suddenly awfully boring. I am sitting out on the stairs so that the light from my candle can not be seen.

Love to all, Dodie.

How I adored your and your mother's letters and the photo of Kell. Try it again.

American Red Cross,
August 26th, 1918.

Dearest Family:

TWO postmarks of the United States of America greeted me here at the canteen yesterday, with well-known and greatly beloved handwriting on each envelope. I have never enjoyed any letters from you, Mother and Father, more than those. But imagine with what hectic curiosity I scanned their pages looking for news of Ruth and Captain Terry. Nothing there but "Ruth has gone on a picnic with Capt. Terry, Edith, Pav," etc.; and "Ruth has gone to the Country Club to a dance with Cody, Bill, Tom, Dick and Harry and Capt. Terry." It is aggravating me to the point of frenzy. But I know that by the time I have written all the questions I should like answered, I shall have heard at length from Ruth herself. And Tom Wilfred—whom is he engaged to, when and how, etc.?

And now for "la guerre." Yesterday we had our record day at the canteen at S—, served over one thousand meals in three hours, seven girls to serve them. It was some rush but awfully exciting. With all the hundreds

of francs I handled, I was short only six at the end and that is not bad when you consider it. The mixing part of that job is that I never have enough small money and am always having to make queer combinations of one, two, five and ten sou pieces in order to give the Poilus their correct change. I 'm glad enough this week to be on a new shift—" Gout de café " and " rembourse-ment " till next Monday.

It is getting a little cooler now and the Poilus begin to talk of winter in the trenches. I guess it is quite a question as to which is more acceptable, summer and fighting or winter and frozen feet; but summer or winter, these Frenchmen are good sports and never by any chance complain more than to shrug their shoulders and say, " But four years of war is a long time, Mademoiselle."

Father warns me not to let the Poilus get too fresh and not to think they are honest. No danger, they are always sensitive to conditions and are as gentle as lambs with us American girls. If I have ever been afraid of any men, sober or intoxicated, fresh or other-wise, I am quite cured now. I have decided ideas as to which of the sexes is the weaker half.

Dear folks, I must tell you about the wonderful spree six of us girls had the other night. Brundred and Tenny, Larrabee and Davis, Al and I conceived the brilliant idea of spending a night in the forest. We hired two cozy old Victorias to tote us, with our blankets, food, etc., to a certain beautiful little lake where we planned

to eat our picnic supper and to sleep on the crest of a hill just above it. I think when the people in C— saw us start out in our carriages, sleeping bags and every other sort of thing bulging out on ever side, they must have said, "And what are those wild Americans doing now? " (The French people really like us, I think, but Oh! how we do puzzle them.) It was a glorious night, full moon and bright stars reflecting in the little lake and shining through the branches of the trees of the forest. We gossiped and sang to our hearts' content, and then, suddenly, sleepiness overcame us and we staggered up the hill to our place of rest. I think this unsettled life in France has been excellent training for us, for we just threw ourselves down on the hard ground and slept like tops. True, at about 4.30 in the morning I was awakened by the gentle tapping of raindrops on my face. I aroused the others, but after they had sleepily gathered themselves and their blankets together, and we were about to descend to seek shelter, we all had a change of heart and decided to finish out the night, rain or no. It was really delightful, lying there with the light rain sprinkling on us. At about seven o'clock we awoke permanently and walked down to the " Reine Blanche Café " and had a delicious hot breakfast, which was cooked and ready for us under the trees. I am enclosing photos of the lake, and café, which is really the cottage of the forest guard. Was n't that a glorious party? So, Mother, don't for a minute think that you all should n't be happy and care-free

over there in America; every one over here in France snatches all the joy that they can, and for that reason sometimes it seems to me the gayest place in the world.

¶ I asked Joseph Duyck if he thought that the war was making men more cruel and hard, and he said not at all, that he was sure for his part, since he has seen so much suffering and suffered too himself, that he will always be more sympathetic and thoughtful of others. I am sure he is right.

Today such a nice young soldier boy from Flanders came up and introduced himself to me as a friend of Duyck's. He had been to school in England before the war and spoke excellent English. He had the most tragic story to tell. When the war first broke out, and the Germans poured through Belgium into Flanders, his mother and father, with four of their youngest children, fled from their home in Lille. His three older sisters, the youngest of them only nineteen, stayed behind to guard the home, perfectly confident that the war would not last more than fifteen days. That is the last their family have ever heard of the three daughters —not a word of any kind for over four years. Imagine that mother's agony! Perhaps it is easier for me to realize it, because I saw the boy's face as he told the story. Then I tried to cheer him up some and told him of the young boy who has been giving us French lessons, whose mother and sister have just been repatriated after four years with the Germans; but I did not tell him that the sister's right foot is gone, having been

cut off by a Hun officer's saber. Things like that are horrible, when you hear them told by a brother.

Well, I must close now, with a kiss and hug all around.

Yours, Dodie.

"The White House," Chantilly,
August 28th, 1918.

Dear Everyone:

QUY, what a life! Three exciting things have happened today, one right on top of the other. I 'll begin with the least thrilling and work up to the climax gradually.

First—I 've just succeeded in turning up my hair. It is in a regular knot at the back of my neck, just as in the days before clipping, and I can't stop gazing at my side and back view in the mirror, it brings back so many memories of long ago. Father would be greatly pleased with my head now.

Then second—Al and I got permits to go to Paris tomorrow on a spree. We 're going to ride around in Victorias all day and eat at LaRue's—and I 'm going to buy black silk stockings. No one can realize the luxury of the latter, who has not been in France the last two years. I 've plodded around in nasty, thick, black lisles long enough and really need the change.

But hold your breath now!

Third—We have received marching orders from headquarters, and expect to be sent from this canteen at Orry to one for our own Yankee boys at Toul in the

Vosges Valley. Is n't that a thriller? Right on the border of Lorraine and where I imagine things will be " doing " shortly. All I know about it now is that as soon as our papers can be obtained and new workers sent out here to replace us, off we march for a new battlefield. As an aside, and really only for mother's and Father's ears, let me say that Mrs. Vanderbilt thinks that " our type of American girls " should be with our own boys and not half wasted on the Frenchmen. Be that as it may, I know that I 'm very glad to have a whack at an American canteen.

August 31st, 1918.

Well, Al and I went to Paris and had a great day and night there. We saw Mrs. Vanderbilt and she was so dear. She said we would be relieved out here next week by three new workers from America, and then we could take the twelve days that are needed to procure our papers for the American War Zone and go off on a long vacation. She also told us that she has Al's and my name down as a " team " to be sent out with an aviation squadron later on. That would be too fascinating. We would move about with our esquadrille and probably see some pretty exciting things. Now, dearest Mother, don't ever worry about any of these things that I tell you. In the first place, I can not over-emphasize the fact that things are always more scarey looking at them from a distance, when it comes to imagining what is going on over here in France ; I know you paint things just about one hundred shades blacker

than they really are. Then Mrs. Vanderbilt, or any other official of the Red Cross, has our safety at heart almost as much as you or Father—the trouble is that they are too cautious and one practically never has any chance of a real thrill. That is not quite what I mean but it is written to try to make you really see that I run no more risks here in France than if I were at "Lochevan," Derby, N. Y., spending the Summer. ¶ Al and I had Major and Mrs. Olds to dinner at the Crillion. We stopped there all night and got up the next morning at six to take the train back to Orry and our day's work at the canteen. So ended a happy day in "Parie." ¶ I burn to hear what luck the esquadrilles of French bombing planes had that flew over C— as we were about to take the train for Paris. There were forty-six of them flying east in battle formation, with the early morning sun shining on their wings. Here 's praying they had better luck than the forty-three that flew over us about a week ago. The squadron went sailing off to Germany and a few hours later returned fifteen short. ¶ The war is going on so marvelously—what a difference I see in the Poilus' spirit from a month ago! Every one is gay and expectant. The last letter I had from my godson was written during a battle; they had been marching day and night on the road to Noyon, sometimes fighting and almost continuously shelled with poison gas. He says, "I have the chest burned inside and my eyes, too. That all is nothing because I know that the Germans shall be down shortly. We are

looking for the war to be finished next Winter." Poor kid! with the happiest, gentlest disposition in the world having to live through that sort of thing. He is only twenty but his eyes look those of a man of thirty or more. His letter starts with "Dear Godmother—Excuse me writing with pencil. I can not really do it with a pen because I am now in the open field, advancing, still on the way to Noyon. Day and night marching sometimes fighting. We stay sometimes for two days and nights where the Germans are keeping themselves up (I suppose he means holding the French for a while). Once they have counter-attacked our positions, but they could never reach our trenches and so many were killed in the wire entanglements. Yes, now it is the very war." You know I am so anxious to see how he will come out of this battle, perhaps with another star on his croix de guerre. He already has two for unusual bravery under fire.

Well, dear people, now I must down to dinner and then to bed. The Poilus made me blush twice today—I don't know why, unless it was because I was a little tired—but all of a sudden they just seemed quite overpowering and I could n't retain the necessary dignity in the face of those several score of interested and smiling faces at the Gout de Café. I just blushed and smilingly bid them "bon jour" and retreated into the kitchen. They were so amused, and murmured "Elle est très jeune" and "Elle rougit" (She is very young, she blushes.)

Well, good-bye for a bit. Ever love to all, Doris.

"The White House,"
September 7th, 1918.

Dear Family:

YOU can imagine how pretty nearly all our thoughts are now on the American canteen at Toul where we expect soon to be sent. But it will probably be a week or ten days before the new workers come out here to release us, and then we are going to have about ten days' permission before taking up our new duties, Mrs. Vanderbilt is going to let Larrabee get off at the same time as Al, Mugs and I, and Mrs. Olds is coming with us also. We are pretty sure that Brittany will be the scene of our relaxation, and I am already smelling the salt air and revelling over the quaint fishermen that we shall see there.

The war is going so splendidly and the Front daily being pushed so much farther away from us that we are now well out of the sound of cannon and the shuffling of troops past our door. It is really *too* tranquil here in C—, and I 'm keen to get to seething Toul. ¶ Spen's cable arrived yesterday, and I immediately wrote to Major Olds, asking him if he could n't cable for Spen to come over attached to the Military Affairs Bureau, and then to be assigned to work when he arrives. It is so much more satisfactory not to sign up for something before you really know just what the work is going to be. I expect an answer soon. Al went in to talk to Olds about Jack, and I think Don's case

SOME OF MY POILU "CLIENTS"

is about similar, so I shall tell you what he said. Jack has tried to get into every branch of the service, but on account of his eyes has been rejected. But the Red Cross can not take any men within the draft age now, even if unfit for military duty; they really can not, they have been so much criticized. I don't suppose that applies to men over thirty, and if it did, I don't quite see how they would be able to get any good men for Red Cross work. I simply pine to see " Pennie " heave in sight, and he must let me know instantly when he arrives, so that I can plan to meet him some place.

¶ Of course I am thinking most every minute of Ruth. It is the happiest and the saddest thing, having her married, that has happened to me for a long time. You know it makes me quite homesick and lonely. Instance the pitiful thing that happened last night. I had gone to bed early, and when Al came up later on, I was just on the borderland of sleep. I heard some one at the door and I called, " Mother." That was a glorious moment before I quite came to and realized where I was.

Today I am sending Junior a large box of salted walnuts that I have succeeded in purchasing from the canteen. I tried very hard to get raisins to send with them, but that was quite impossible. Even as it was, I had to shuffle things a bit and give the canteen eggs in exchange for the nuts.

We are having huge crowds at the canteen at S— this week, over ten and eleven hundred " repas " at noon. I tell you those old trays just fly from the counter into

the astonished Poilus' hands. You know the French people are almost stunned with American system and hustle and any number of Poilus have come up to us and said, "You know this is wonderful. We could never do this in the world. It takes the Americans to think of a thing like this." And really it certainly takes *some* system to serve 1157 dinners in three hours and a half. I 've been "slinging trays" this week, and I 'd be quite reduced to a "Sylph" if it were n't that the husky exercise is more of a developer than a reducer. ¶ Now I must take the train for S— and leave you for "le moment."

Ever love,
Doris.

P.S. Spen must bring *C-A-N-D-Y*. You can not imagine how every one in the canteen adores Andrew's and Morris' letters. They are eagerly looked for in the mails. Keep sending photos. I adore them.

"The White House,"
Chantilly, France,
September 13th, 1918.

Dearest Family:

UNTIL just a few moments ago I admit that I was finding Chantilly pretty slow after all the excitement we had during our first months here; but now I 've just seen one of the most impressing and touching sights of the war, right from the front window of our house. I heard the

sound of drums and bugles and young boys shouting, and rushed to the window in time to see what all the excitement was about. It was the class of 1920, young eighteen year old boys of Chantilly, who have just come back tonight from Creil where they went this morning to take their examinations for the Army. These are the kids that have passed and been accepted as soldiers. Well, you can not imagine the patheticness of it to me. They were all decked out with tri-color paper rosettes, ribbons streaming from their caps, and some had their faces all painted red, " only to be amusing," they said. Think of these kids, only fourteen years old when the war commenced; and now if it keeps on much longer, they will be swallowed up like all the rest of the French manhood. Well, c'est la guerre! But to counteract that, what glorious news from the American Front! This morning our Yanks advanced eight kilometers in the locality of St. Mihiel and took eight thousand prisoners and are still advancing. Now we wait with baited breath for tonight's communique. And to think that is all going on quite in the part of the country where Al, Mugs and I expect to be most any day.

Mrs. Vanderbilt came out to the canteen today, but I can not say we got any satisfaction from her as to when we are to move. She says she has given up making any promises, or talking much to the girls about canteen changes. Things are too uncertain when a war is on. I am still awaiting Major Olds' answer to my letter about Spen. And now that I 'm talking shop, for goodness'

sake, please don't, any one I love, come over with the Y. M. C. A. I hate to give it such a black eye, but I guess my little raps won't hurt much after the sound knocks it gets every day from our boys. As an organization, it has certainly made an awful fiasco of its work over here.

Well, folks, must arise tomorrow morning at six. Dark and cold, and "Oh! you Devotion, Where art thou now?" I understand that Winter begins in this part of the country next month, October. "C'est pour ca" that I am wildly sending for warm wrappers and bed socks. I have a requisition in for the latter and will mail it the instant it comes out from Paris.

Love to all and good-night kisses.

Doris.

P.S. Half of this letter was written in the dark, the other half in a jolting train.

September 16th, 1918.

Dear Mother:

THAT a glorious letter from you today, written on August 19th, with all the news of Ruth and Terry that I have been starving for the last month! It is too wonderful to think how happy they must be. Now I await with equal longing a letter describing the wedding and a *photo* of the bridal couple—that I *must* have.

It was too amusing this morning. I was out in the Gout reading bits of your letter to Larrabee, and

was one quite intoxicated old Poilu standing at the counter drinking coffee. Well, he just got exceedingly hilarious over the fact that I was reading " American," he almost doubled up with mirth and kept saying, " Oui, oui, they 're talking American, I can tell by the sound. Haha! it 's American they 're talking all the time." He had one black eye and his hair was clipped like a convict's, but I assure you his appearance was quite the contrary of brutal. Finally he laughed so boisterously and kept interrupting me so often to tell me that I was talking "American," that we had to retreat into the kitchen to finish the letter. When I went outside again about ten minutes later he was still there, and I found him confiding in a low voice to a dignified " sous-officier " that " two ladies had just been talking American."

Did you ever get the photo of me with the bunch of Poilus—I standing in the center? I wonder, for you have n't mentioned it.

Our boys are still going on reaping in prisoners, and it makes me wild to be so far away. We are champing at the bit to get to our new job at Toul. Look it up, it 's on the Moselle River near Nancy.

Now I 'm going to bed, but will write more tomorrow. From my desk I am looking out at a gorgeous wintry sunset, long streaks of lead-blue cloud fringing burning golden glow. The tile roofs of the houses and quaint chimney-tops are very picturesque against the sky.

Good night.

September 17th, 1918

Dear Ma:

Will you mail me two copies of " Old Home Songs " under two separate covers. You know the ones I mean, with a picture of a fireplace on the cover? I shall have need of them at Toul.

I have still not heard from Major Olds about Spen, and don't quite know what to do about it. There is really nothing that I can do, I guess, so I 'll just wait. ¶ Am thinking about Ruth's wedding present. Please don't hurry me.

Love,
Doris.

American Red Cross,
September 18th, 1918.

Dear Family:

TELL me not in mournful numbers " that woman's part in winning this war " is but an empty dream." From serving meals to six hundred Poilus every day at noon time, we have now jumped up to twelve and thirteen hundred, and I can tell you it means some exertion on the part of " ces dames." All this eating goes on within about four hours. Yesterday I was " tray slinger " and passed eleven hundred meals from the serving table to the counter in three hours and a half. I have to admit that last night after I got to bed I was so tired and I ached so that I could n't go to sleep till dear old Al rubbed *all*

the knots out of my muscles. But "I should worry," for I succeeded in buying five "Gott Mit Uns" belts to bring home to any one who wants them. Kell is to have one to wear with his white flannels—they are awfully "swanky!" (The last is our latest expression, acquired from our two Australian co-workers.) It is great, being at S— this week, for there we get the Poilus on their way home from the Front, and they have lots of Boche trophies, which, as luck and military law will have it, the men are not allowed to take home with them. So every evening a wheelbarrow rumbles past the canteen, overflowing with German bayonets, helmets, shells, caps, etc. The sergeant told us to come with him to the shed where he stores the things, and he would give us all the booty we wanted. One of the girls got a short bayonet with a saw edge; it seems that the Hun uses his spare time in the trenches to hack teeth in the blade. It must be quite satisfying, this self-expression of his artistic nature.

The winter storms are setting in now, and the last few nights we 've had wild, glorious wind and rain and thunder. Oh, no, I 'll take back the *glorious,* though they do seem that to me as I stand in my window looking out, until with a start I remember the men in the trenches, and along the roads and in the open fields, and the rain and wind seem cruel and hateful. Then always the following morning, when the men come to the canteen for something hot to drink, looking so woebegone and damp and tossed about, the only

worth-while thing in the world seems to be able to give each one a smile and a cheery word. I wonder if I shall ever again drink a cup of hot " chocolat " without thinking of all the thousand smiles I 've seen blaze up in tired men's faces as I say to them, " Voulez-vous du chocolat? " Just think, most of them haven't tasted it for months, and I guess some for years, and they are simply crazy about it. They will take a couple of good gulps and then look at each other and almost invariably say, " Ca fait du bien " (that does one good). Oh ! this work is utterly satisfying.

September 19th, 1918.

Mother dear, dear, dear, how I adore your letters Just received one written on August 29th all about Ruth and George. It is too wonderful and perfect. Also received Father's cable about wedding. Wonder if Ruth got Al's.

A huge crowd at the canteen today. About thirteen hundred meals served and gallons and gallons of chocolate and coffee consumed. I did n't go down till the second train today, at 9.25 A. M., so it only meant from ten till about four for me. *Some* rushing and tearing about, I can tell you. Well, it is about like this—imagine the excitement and bustle of our annual Derby Church Fair repeated day after day, and you 'll have some idea of our canteen routine. We have a cup of chocolate and some bread and butter at about eleven, just before beginning to serve the lunches, and then nary a bit of

luncheon for ourselves till about four in the afternoon. Oh! I adore it though, and am not a bit too tired. This evening I heard the rumble of a wheelbarrow and rushed out in time to grab a German steel helmet and short bayonet. I am only wondering now how I shall cart all this stuff about. Guess I 'll leave it in Paris. These things have all come down from around Soissons and Compiègne.

I must tell you how puffed up I am becoming over a certain part of my anatomy, which seems to have made a great hit in France. Perhaps you won't think it quite delicate, but nevertheless it is rather pleasant to me, as all flattery is to most feminine hearts. I told you about one Poilu returning to the Gout three times in order to admire my ankles, and it seems that he was not the one and only. One of the older workers told me today that a Poilu asked her who the young lady was, a little plump, with such exquisite ankles that he could n't eat his breakfast from admiring them. You know, I think if I 'm so much appreciated here in France, I 'll be tempted to stay on and on.

Well, no more foolishness now—I must to bed.

Love to all,

Doris.

September 22nd, 1918.

Dear Family:

WELL, I came away from my week at Serveillers nine German belts, one German helmet and one short Boche bayonet the richer, but I 'm not half-satisfied yet. I must have a camouflaged helmet before I 'm through, and yesterday an American boy promised to send me one. We had about seven Yanks at the canteen on their way to Aix-les-Bains on their permission. They were so happy that their faces looked like Sunny Jims, and they were so delighted to see American girls that they were ready to do or die for us. One of them disappeared for a few minutes and then reappeared with a beautiful huge bunch of grapes for me. Was n't it sweet of him? I put it on the chair back of me and quite forgot it for a while. I could n't imagine why so many Poilus came and asked if we had "raisins" for sale. Suddenly I remembered the tempting sample and hastily hid it from view. I suppose I might have given them to the poor souls, but I knew it would hurt my American friend's feelings.

My, how the rain has been falling this last week! "Il tombe de l'eau," and there is quite a nip in the air. When I get up at six o'clock in the morning, the moon is brightly shining as the sun comes up rosily in the East. But Jove! you feel brisk and cheery and awfully keen to get to work. The fifteen minutes' train ride down to Orry, then a short, snappy walk to the canteen,

and the nice warmth of the big kitchen. Out of your big coat and baret, into your apron and coif, fill your big pitchers with steaming coffee and chocolate and out into the Gout with a happy "bon jour, Messieurs." The poor "messieurs" look mighty chilly and damp of an early morning nowadays, but after a hot drink their spirits mount considerably. You know the thing that sometimes almost breaks my heart about the Poilus is that so many of them are too old for the hard life of a soldier. The other day one man brought back his luncheon tray without having eaten a bite of his food. I said, "Monsieur, were n't you hungry?" And he wearily shrugged his shoulders and said, "Too tired." Al almost bursts when we see men that look just about like her father. We seem to have seen quite a few that look the same age as he and with the same iron-grey hair and grey mustache. Oh! how I adore them all, some in shabby, faded "horizon bleu," and others jaunty and dashing with baret and curling mustache, and all of them so very gallant and "cavalier." It is so sweet to hear the little young kids call me "Ma petite dame" (my little lady), and I must say I always get a thrill when they stand rigid and salute.

September 26th, 1918.

Today when I went out into the Gout, I saw, arranged in a row along the counter, about ten wonderful large wild mushrooms, and standing close by, eight smiling Poil .. "My what beautiful things," I said. "They are

for you, Mademoiselle." Was n't it dear of them? I was so happy; my! but they were *delicious,* buttery with toast underneath.

Is n't the enclosed card a scream? It was handed me by a Poilu who desired to correspond with me. I saw him one morning in the Gout and he spoke a bit of English, so we had a short chat. The next morning he returned and said, " Mademoiselle, last night I came to seek you here but I could not see you. I wanted to talk English with you." Whereupon he thrust this card into my hand, and murmuring something about corresponding, he disappeared. I think the card quite speaks for itself, n'est-ce pas?

Well, Al and I went for a flying half day into Paris to order our winter uniforms. They are the regulation Red Cross Oxford grey and are being made by Redfern. I am going to have a baret made of the same material. So you can think of me something like this— Oxford-grey uniform, Oxford-grey baret, " Poilu blue " silk shirt, black necktie, black belt and heavy tan boots. Not bad, and for Bessie's benefit, will add that no doubt my hair will be nicely shampooed and I 'll be quite a bit thinner.

I saw Mrs. Olds, and she said Major O. received my letter about Spen and has handed it over to some other officer who will take the matter up. That is all I could find out, as the Major is out of town, but tomorrow Al, Mrs. Church and I are going to town again for a fitting, and we shall see him at dinner, and so I may

have more to report in my next letter. ¶ We have begun selling the Poilus a slice of white bread thickly buttered, and if you could see the way those things go—hot cakes are n't in it! I make them fast and furiously, but can hardly keep up with the demand. A bowl of really delicious hot chocolate and a " tartine " (slice of bread and butter) all for seven sous (seven cents) and a grinning, delighted and satisfied soldier of France. You know butter over here just now is one of the greatest treats in the world. Today we experimented with doughnuts and plan to make them in great quantities. I don't know whether the Frenchmen will appreciate them as our Yankee boys do. Up at Toul, where we are soon to be sent, they make about thirty-five hundred a day—I can see where I turn into one.

Well, enough for the present. Al says she wants to talk now.

Love to all,
Doris.

September 28th, 1918.

Dear Family:

IT was too fascinating! Mrs. Church, the Directrice of our canteen, took Al and me marketing with her this morning to the famous Paris market, " Les Halles." We spent last night in town, and at five o'clock this morning our Red Cross camion called for us at the hotel. It was pitch dark when we started out, with the moon shining

through the clouds, and of course no lights in the streets except the dark-blue ones in front of the " abri " (shelter) signs.

Well, the first thing we did upon arriving at the market was to step into a small café and, at the counter, drink steaming hot " café au lait " from tall wine glasses, and eat a slice of bread spread with pâté de foies gras. Thus fortified against the chilliness of the early morning, we proceeded to our work of buying food for our Poilus. The market is a huge affair and the most picturesque I have ever seen or dreamed of. The streets were lined with huge pyramids of cauliflowers, carrots, white turnips, radishes, etc., all arranged so neatly and artistically ; for instance, the turnips were tied in large bunches and stacked so that they made wide stripes of green and white, the carrots in mounds of orange with all the green hidden, and so on. The fruit market was marvelous with such beautiful purple and white grapes, fresh figs, huge pink peaches, fresh mushrooms with fern leaves covering them, all packed in attractive straw baskets. Then the flower market was a dream—huge bunches of bright Autumn leaves and all sorts of wild and garden flowers. I was the gayest picture you can imagine. As the dawn began to spread, I almost went wild over the fascinating people I saw. Such types! dear old ladies in white caps, purring over their flowers ; robust peasant women stacking vegetables ; Sisters of Charity and Mercy floating through the crowds in huge white head-dresses ; and cozy, plump ladies

wedging their way along with limp parboiled pigs slung affectionately across their shoulders. There were n't any men, excepting the old fellows whom you can hire to carry your purchases in huge square baskets that they carry on their heads, and then the " reformés (men who are disqualified for further military service) who have little carts and will also tote your things for you. I shall never forget one picture I saw there, a young woman with a lovely face and form, dressed all in black, and sitting outlined against a huge stack of orange carrots; I should have so adored to paint her, with her sad eyes and really beautiful figure, so languid and aloof from the noise and bustle about. At about seven o'clock, we went into the huge market cathedral and Al and Mrs. Church said their prayers. How I envied them and all the market women kneeling there. Then back to our café and in a little room off the " bar " we ate the most delicious breakfast. To top it all off royally, Mrs. Church said we might ride back to Orry in the camion, and we did enjoy that spin. We got to the canteen just in time for the first morning trainload of Poilus, and in a jiffy I was in my blue apron and out in the Gout at my old job of filling hundreds of tin cups with coffee and chocolate. I can't remember when I 've done anything that I enjoyed more and I know I shall never forget it.

September 29th, 1918.

We had the nicest young American Lieutenant with us today for luncheon. He was a veterinary surgeon and

had come out with his men to call for some sick horses. It was so interesting to hear all about his work, and it gave one quite a lump in one's throat to think of the suffering of the horses on the battlefield. The " vets " go out on the field, many times under fire, to bring back the wounded animals to the rear, or to shoot them if they are unable to walk. Then so many of the horses are gassed, in spite of the fact that each one has his gas mask. Of course loads of the dead animals are bought by the French for meat, and the Lieutenant said that the German prisoners are fed on horse-flesh that has seen many suns rise and set on " No Man's Land."

Well, it is so cold that I think I shall retire under my blankets with a hot water bottle and have a nap before dinner. Next week I am to be " cassaire " which means rising at 8.30 on a morning instead of 6.

Love to all,
Doris.

American Red Cross Canteen,
France,
October 2nd, 1918.

Dear Family:

GREAT excitement in the canteen kitchen of an afternoon now—we are experimenting with doughnuts. Yesterday afternoon, during a lull in the day's regular occupation, we made a huge recipe of them and were " desolée "

OUR DIRECTRICE, MRS. CHURCH, GIVING CIGARETTES TO THE POILUS. MR. HILEY, OUR SECRETARY, IN WINDOW

to find them come out of the pan just a little heavier than lead. I swear that they were too " short " on account of using thick condensed—(OH! GLORIOUS!) Mrs. Church has just run in with the morning paper. This is what first greeted my eyes, " Kaiser's Cry of Despair, ' Gather Round me.' " Is n't it too wonderful! Our Poilus will be so boisterous today that I know we shall never be able to make them " faire la tour " (keep in line.)—But more of this later—on account of using condensed milk. I made two funny little doughnut men, with clove eyes and noses, and gave them to a sort of woe-begone looking Poilu; well, the men thought they were the most amusing things in the world, and the man I gave them to grinned over them for an hour ☙ The veterinary surgeon Lieutenant with his men and forty-two sick horses pulled out from Orry-la-Ville yesterday morning, Before they left, he invited us into his freight car apartment for a piece of candy. You fortunates in America may not quite get the real thrill that this invitation held for us who have hardly tasted candy in six months. Well, he was very cozily ensconced with a bed of straw in one corner of the car, and in the other his supplies and doctor's kit. Two revolvers reminded me of one of his duties, that of putting his suffering patients out of their misery. He had several horses that have been gassed, and as the almost inevitable result is for pneumonia to follow, they were being very carefully cared for. This lieutenant does almost nothing outside of administering anaesthetics at

the huge evacuation hospital where he is located. It seemed so strange to hear him talk about his work just as though it were with human beings.

Well, my duties call, and the train will not wait for me, so I must skip.

Love,
Doris.

October 3d, 1918.

Dear Family:

THAT a day, yesterday! In the first place, when I arrived at the camp, there was Al leaning way out of the window at the canteen, gaily flourishing before my eyes a large bunch of American mail; letters from Father, Bessie, Ruth, Spen, Helen Foster, and a juicy fat envelope which turned out to contain a box of Ruth and Terry's wedding cake. How thrilled every one was over my good luck, though we were all a bit depressed not to find any photos of the happy couple. The letters were *most* satisfactory.

Then we had a tremendous day at the canteen! about five hundred more lunches to serve than usual. Food threatened to give out, but we fortunately discovered eggs and vegetables, etc., in out-of-the-way corners, and ended by being able to send every Poilu away well-satisfied both as to inner and outer man. I was in the little ticket coop from 11 A. M. till about 4 in the afternoon, selling tickets steadily every minute.

Jove! but every one is on the crest of a wave these days, French, English, Belgians and Americans steadily marching onward, and the Huns always falling back. To think that Belgian towns are beginning to be retaken, and Metz constantly racked by fire from our guns! Yesterday as we were waiting for our train, a long line of freight cars went ponderously by, loaded with German cannon—and after that, more cars with grey-green German prisoners. They all look pretty glad to be in a quiet sector again, and I dare say have already gained a few pounds owing to the change of food ☙ ☙

How I do enjoy my Poilus' letters! I have about five of the nicest French boys who write me very constantly. I send them American magazines and cigarettes every once in a while and that seems to please them tremendously. Can you imagine how welcome anything would be to you if you were spending days at a time out in an utterly barren country, no trees, no houses, sleeping in holes in the ground covered with branches? That is what one of my boys writes of his life these past few weeks.

I had a long talk this afternoon with a Poilu who just came down from the Front this morning. He is an old friend of mine—was one of the camp guards here. But my what a changed fellow today! weary-eyed, colorless face and mud-caked clothes. He says the French are advancing so fast that they can carry only ammunition and iron rations. They sleep out in the open fields with

no blankets—and oh! how cold and rainy these October nights are. Poor boy, he is only twenty-two, and looked so happy and young this Summer, but now he has the air of a man twice that age—still, "The Boche are retreating. They are running so fast we can hardly keep up to them." I can tell you I babied that boy; he is a French Canadian from Hamilton, Ontario. I only hope he won't be ill from all the hot chocolate he drank. If only a few days at the Front have made this change in him, think of the men who have been up there for weeks without rest.

The train is due, I must close.

Love,
Doris.

October 6th, 1918.

Germany is suing for peace! The headlines in the morning paper almost created a panic here in the "White House." We all began at once planning what steamer we would take for home, who would be at the pier to meet us as we sailed into the New York Harbor, and just what stockings we would hang up in our own dear fire-places on Christmas eve. But after the first excitement, we rather quieted down. Peace or no, the big thing is that William the Kaiser has admitted that he is beaten. "C'est le commencement de la fin," (it is the beginning of the end). Now come Winter, Christmas in a foreign land, and chilblained feet, what care I? The Poilus were quite calm over the

news, I suppose they hardly dare let themselves think of peace for fear of being too terribly disappointed. And the French officers I talked with this morning threw up their hands and said, "Jamais! not till Germany is made to suffer something that France has, will we listen to peace talk."

Cantine des Deux Drapeaux,
Orry-la-Ville, Oise,
October 9th, 1918.

Dear Family:

YOUR letters are most welcome. My! what a thrilling thing it is to get news from home. ¶ Tomorrow will be the 10th of October, and a milestone that marks my first six months in France. The time has flown, actually we don't know how the days' can slip by so rapidly. We have been out here with the French for over four months now, and though I hate the thought of leaving them, I am quite hankering to get with our own Yanks. We are waiting for girls to come out to relieve us, and then expect to take ten days' permission before starting in at our new job. I wonder if the Americans will ever appeal to me as these dear, dear Poilus have. Yesterday a grizzled grey soldier came up to the lunch counter, leading a young kid by the arm, and asked me if I would give the boy some bouillon. The youngster was as white as a sheet and so weak he almost tottered over. It seems that he had not eaten for three days, and when

he tried to eat a dinner at the canteen, it made him so sick that he at once lost it all. He was only twenty years old, from the invaded part of France, and had been fighting since his eighteenth birthday. This is only one of the heartrending stories we hear every day.

October 12th, 1918.

Oh, glorious! It is too wonderful to believe, but every one is calling out that peace is declared. The evening papers have all been sold, and there were crowds around the news stand in the little railroad station, reading the one and only that remained. Imagine how I first heard the news! I have the beginning of chilblains on my right hand and foot, so was directed to the Baroness de Rothschild's "Ambrine" Hospital, near Creil, for treatment. We went over this evening in the camion. The Baroness and Elsie de Wolfe have taken a beautiful chateau, have built additional hospital barracks, and Miss de Wolfe has done a perfectly stunning piece of interior decorating throughout. Well, we arrived at the hospital and no sooner had entered the grounds than the Baroness met us with this marvelous news. She says all Paris is shouting over it and declares that it is so. You can imagine our state. We all almost flew apart with excitement, and when we got into the big hospital dining-room where some of the patients were having their dinner, and told them the news, I thought they would raise the roof. They shouted and sang, " C'est la paix! " (it is peace). In a

long, narrow ward I found one lone patient. He was badly burned and feeling very low, but when I told him the news he smiled and said, pointing to his bandaged head, " Then this is nothing if peace is here." You know this "Ambrine" Hospital is devoted entirely to the treatment of burns caused either by gas or explosion. We saw one boy who had just been brought in this noon; he was entirely covered with bandages with the exception of his lips and nose and a bit of his chin which were absolutely burned as black as a cinder. This marvelous treatment with ambrine, or paraffin, is absolutely painless and relieves the most terrible suffering in a few minutes after being administered. The Baroness told us that this poor fellow who looks in such a hopeless condition now, will be all white and comfortable by tomorrow.

Oh, what a day this has been! I received Spen's cable and can not wait for him to come over; but I wonder if he will, if peace is really declared.

We brought some tankers back from Senlis to Chantilly with us tonight, and we are all so happy and excited that it was killing. They were singing French songs at the top of their voices, and we American ones. It was pitch dark with a cold rain pouring down, but I don't know when my heart has ever been more burning. ¶ Now the question is—can I sleep until morning comes and brings us the latest news?

PEACE!!!

American Red Cross,
October 15th, 1918.

Dear Family:

IF my letters seem to be falling off a bit, you must know that it is because Winter has arrived in France; short days and cold hands are not too conducive to letter writing ❧ ❧ I remember in my last letter I joyfully ended with "Peace." But don't think that the present state of affairs is at all the anti-climax. Every one is in the seventh heaven the way things are going now, and eager to go on with the war till the Hohenzollerns are made to bite the dust. You know it is so exciting every morning, coming down to the canteen in the train, and every one poring over the latest news in the journals. I often think that the war is just like a great game that we are winning—and I have the same exultant feeling now as I have when I am beating at parchesi, only about one million times stronger.

The other evening Al and I went to the hotel for dinner with two American boys of the Harvard ambulance unit. They were real peaches and held us spellbound with tales of their work at the Front; of men with shell shock who do queer, uncanny things; of lifting men into the ambulances and having them die before they can get them into the machines; of making necessary repairs on their cars with shells bursting all about—and so on. We were decidedly thrilled. They came back to the "White House" with us and sat in front of the

wood fire and almost purred over it. We were the first American girls they had talked to in months, and the combination of us and the fire certainly unlocked the flood gates of their souls. They confided all sorts of things and were very sweet and appealing.

Still waiting for our replacers. I begin to think that Brittany and a bit of " repos " are dreams that will never come true. I saw Anna Shepard in Paris yesterday at the Y. M. C. A. She told me lots about all you dear family. I went there to see George Rand and was awfully disappointed to find that he had left for America.

¶ I saw in the *Herald* that a Mr. Kellogg had just arrived in France on one of the incoming steamers and was full of hope till I went to the Red Cross and found on inquiry that it was not Spencer Kellogg.

Mother, I loved your last letter more than I can tell you. You were born to be an author, I think. You don't know what a wonderful gift you have of telling one absolutely every bit of news that heart could wish. I also received a peach of a letter from Sue—I 'm going to drop " her man " a note soon.

I got a letter from Junior enclosing a long, green $5.00 bill. How odd it looked after one has seen only these dainty French blue notes for so many months. He asked me to buy him chocolate and cigarettes and I will do my best to get him both.

The other day we had the most interesting bunch of Belgian soldiers at the canteen. They were all so intelligent and well-bred. One boy told me all about

his escape from Brussels the third month of the war. Fortunately, his mother and little sister had gone to England in July for a visit, so were not in Belgium when the war broke out. This boy and his younger brother and father were made prisoners of war in Brussels but escaped to Holland. They walked for six successive nights, hiding during the day, and when finally within thirty kilometers of the Dutch frontier, they got down on their hands and knees and crawled all the rest of the way. The boy suffered so from the dampness those nights that he has had inflammatory rheumatism ever since and has only just been accepted for military service. I asked him about Belgian atrocities, because I wanted to hear them first hand. He told me about seeing Belgian soldiers run through the streets of Brussels with the Huns behind them prodding bayonets into them; of seeing scores of Belgian school children with one finger of their right hand cut off "so that they could never make soldiers for Belgium," as the Germans said. The poor boy got so wrought up over the telling of these things that the perspiration stood out on his forehead and he fairly gasped. Now his one idea is to get back to the corner of reconquered Belgium and to fight and die for his country. We had a glorious time petting those fine red-tasseled Belgians; treated each one to coffee, little cakes, packages of picture post-cards, and a cake of sweet chocolate. I tell you that they did n't waste much time in tearing off the wrapping from that candy and a great sound of munching filled the air for some

time. This boy's name is Jack Jeffreys, his father is an Englishman and his grandfather is Bishop Jeffreys of Boston, Mass. I have his address and will send him chocolate and tobacco.

Please tell Mrs. Larkin that I received her letter and will attend to her commissions as soon as possible; also give her the enclosed notes I received from William Pratt and Davenport Kendall.

What a fine letter I received from Charlie Clark the other day! We all roared over it and the description of Gert's punishing Andrew. All write again soon, please.

Love,

Doris.

P.S. Just received Pop's letter dated September 8th. It was very much delayed for some reason. It contained the photo of me cut from the *Express*.

October 19th, 1918.

Dear Family:

"THE Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming, a rum-tum-tumming everywhere!" They have been rushing past the canteen, train load after train load of them, for the last three days and nights. It 's awfully thrilling—you 'll hear the cry go up "Americans!" and then we all run to the windows and wildly wave "Old Glory" and yell "Hello boys!" There is certainly something doing up Flanders way and the Yanks are in on it.

We are still here at Orry, no signs of our releases or

prospects of getting to Toul and the Yanks. However, we have had one good opportunity of working for our American boys, and I must say that if this was a representative case, I 'm afraid that my constitution will not be able to stand the strain. It was the two Harvard boys again. They called for Al and me at the canteen in their ambulance, came to " The White House " for dinner and then settled down for the evening. After dinner we talked, then made fudge, then talked some more. I began to feel sick and was afraid I was going to fall over sideways out of my chair. About eleven the boys lighted cigars, and I became almost hypnotized staring at their fiery tips. Let me take this opportunity of remarking that I think the life of a cigar is like unto that of the characters of Old Testament fame—they are really practically immortal. Well, I kept alluding to the long hours that we girls put in some days —did not attempt to disguise my yawns. But now let me tell you something appalling. Finally those cigars expired and I was beginning to see relief ahead, when what do you think? I saw a hand thrust leisurely into a breast pocket and slowly reappear clasping two more large and brown objects. Well, to cut a painful story short, at one o'clock A. M. ye two Yanks began to make remarks about our being tired and found us very responsive on that subject. So they finally tore themselves away from the cozy home atmosphere. Poor kids ! They really had enjoyed that evening, and we had n't the heart not to let them stay as long as they wanted to.

But this experience made us realize that there are really many advantages in being with the French Poilus, especially if one does n't speak their langauge very fluently.

* * * * * *

Hotel Continental,
Rue Castiglione,
Paris,
October 20th, 1918.

Can I believe it, that our permission has begun and that we are safely ensconced here at the Hotel Continental, Paris? We left Chantilly this morning, and though we had been so keen to leave, we almost wept when the time finally came. As we passed Orry and Serveillers we fairly fell out of the train window waving good-bye to the servants at the canteen, and I felt that I was closing the first volume of the most absorbing and appealing drama I have ever known. I 've been homesick for the Poilus all day, and every one I see here in Paris touches a tender spot in my heart. They have been too wonderful—so patient and appreciative, so gay and gallant. I really think that if I were asked to choose between the French and American men, I 'd just have to stay on the fence.

We arrived in Paris just in time for a wonderful celebration and parade. Today is the fete of the 1920 boys, and there have been many exciting doings. We saw the parade from a great vantage point, though it poured rain, and we were quite soaked. When we heard the

stirring strains of Sousa's march coming toward us, and then saw a real regimental brass band and a company of khaki Yanks with a huge Stars and Stripes flying in the breeze, we were sort of " goose fleshy " you know. All the French crowd cheered tremendously when our boys went by, more so than for any of the others. There were Poles, Italians, English, Russians, Slavs, Portuguese, etc., and then the 1920's. Poor young kids! marching so straight and proudly and eagerly.

Well, as I say, I can't believe that we are really " en permission " and that we have no early train to think about in the morning and that we have running water and that it is actually warm. I am writing to you luxuriously propped up in bed, with my feet on a hot water bottle, but my fingers are more or less chilly. I 'll admit it was rather a blow when we rang for the garcon and asked him to bring our dinner up to us in our room and were told that no meals were served outside of the dining-room on account of lack of servants.

¶ Two Sundays ago Germany asked for an armistice; last Sunday Wilson handed his reply to the Kaiser, Laon fell and we served dinners to over sixteen hundred Poilus; today the whole Belgian coast has been freed, and we are in Paris, with Brittany the star that is leading and beckoning us on—joyful anticipation!

Good night till next time.

Doris.

Hotel Continental,
3 Rue Castiglione,
Paris,
October 23rd, 1918.

Dear Mother:

JUST a note to tell you that we are leaving for Brittany tonight—five nice girls are going together—Al, Muggsy, Larrabee, Marguerite Mitchell and self. We 're going up to Morlaix and then on to St. Jean du Doigt. Hope we won't freeze to death, but we are so thrilled about having a vacation that our enthusiasm ought to keep us pretty warm.

My Redfern cape came in and is a peach—grey lined with horizon blue whipcord and big 'possum collar.

Love, Doris.

Hotel St. Jean et des Bains,
St. Jean de Doigt,
Bretagne, France,
October 26th, 1918.

Dear Family:

BROWN rolling hills; tiny, whitewashed, thatched-roofed cottages; sober, white-capped, wooden-shoed peasants; and a distant glimpse of the wild, salt sea. We could not possibly have chosen any place more restful to our a bit war-worn spirits than this tiny, sleepy town on the coast of Brittany.

We took the night train out from Paris and arrived at Morlaix yesterday morning. Having counted on the tramway to bring us over here to St. Jean, we were rather disturbed to find that " Il ne marche pas a ce moment " (not going now). But being Americans and not to be balked, we scoured the town till we found a nice rickety old omnibus, with a team of horses, and a wooden-shoed driver who contracted to drive us over the eighteen kilometers to our destination. That was the most wonderful ride! I could n't bear it for long inside the carriage so I hopped upon the driver's seat beside our nice old cocher, and we had such a cozy time together. He told me about all of his brothers and cousins and sons who are in the war or have already been killed or disabled; and about the prices of food and wood and horses before the war and now; and pointed out Maréchal Foch's country home; and, well, we just talked steadily for about three hours and got so well-acquainted.

No wonder the artists find Brittany the most interesting part of France and that this particular bit of country was recommended to me by the Vice-President of the Artists' Guild of Brittany. The farms and the peasants are so picturesque and the air so sweet and balmy and soft as heart could wish.

I must say that we had a few moments of tremendous suspense when we drew up to this hotel and found it " closed for the winter," but I made my way to the kitchen, and pleaded first with our landlord and then

our landlady, and it was n't long before they shrugged their shoulders and said, " What could they do? They could n't leave us out in the road." So they opened up their clean little hotel and have made us perfectly at home and comfortable—" Because you are Americans, Mesdemoiselles." ☙ ☙

Now we are eating and sleeping and talking and reading and getting all husky and well-prepared for our winter's work. Just what that will be is still undecided, whether it will be canteening for our troops at Toul or in an aviation camp at Colomby-le-bel. Mrs. Vanderbilt was so nice to us, told us to go off on our vacation, to have a nice time, and when we were ready to come back to Paris she would go over our plans with us. ¶ I am adoring my repos, but after this first long restful night and day, am feeling so re-made and keen that I begin to ache for the bustle and hustle of the soldier's life. Love, love, love,

Doris.

St. Jean du Doigt,
Bretagne, France,
October 30th, 1918.

Dearest Donschie:

TO work harder than you ever have before in all your life for five solid months, without even Saturday afternoon or Sunday off—to see nothing for five solid months but just soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, well ones and crippled ones

and wounded ones—to think for five solid months of almost nothing but war and suffering and feel that those two things proved fair to last forever, with no peace in sight—and then suddenly, all at once—armistice, abdication, Peace!—and " a ten days' permission for Miss Doris Kellogg, Cantine des Deux Drapeaux, Orry-la-Ville, Oise, France."

Well, here I am Don, and how you would appreciate and love this picturesque, tiny, sea-coast town in Brittany. There are soft billowy hills, cozy stone cottages with arched doorways and shining brass showing from within; friendly, square-faced peasants with white coifs and sabots stuffed with straw. Yesterday Al and I and little Marcelle, a child that has " picked us up," took a long walk over the hills and down to the sea. And what do you think I saw there, for the first time in my life? A huge dirigible balloon, sailing quite majestically up there in the blue sky and making circles over a convoy of steamers that were moving down the coast. It was a thrilling sight, for the sun was shining on it and had turned it to a lovely rosy pink, just the color of the huge rocks out in the sea. And then when one thought that just out there was one of the most dangerous bits of the Atlantic Ocean as far as submarines and floating mines go, and that this quiet coast of Brittany had been suspected of harboring German submarine bases—well, it made that dirigible and that fleet of ships something more than just picturesque.

We can hardly bear to think of leaving here, but I

suppose we really must. I certainly have learned to appreciate the value of contrasts.

Write me soon, Don. I love your letters. Ever love to you and all,

Dodie.

St. Jean du Doigt,
Bretagne, France,
November 2nd, 1918.

Dear Mother and Father:

OUR vacation is over, and much as I have simply revelled in it, I really can't say I regret returning to "Parie." But what a vacation this has been—simply perfect! Madame and Monsieur Vouaux, our landlady and landlord, have been more like hosts than anything else, and we have been their petted guests. Fresh butter and eggs and broiled chicken, three things almost unheard of in France now, have been our daily fare; and when plump little Monsieur goes ahunting, we are the ones who enjoy his catch of rabbit or partridge—and all because we are Americans. Not one single peasant that we have talked to, but what their eyes fill with tears when they speak of America and what she has done for France—"It is you who have verily saved la France; without you we had been lost."

This little town is full of refugee children who have been taken into the different peasant homes until the time that the Boche are driven from their farms and villages. Such a darling little boy is here in our inn,

a refugee from Londres, in Northern France. He has been three years with the Germans, and tells horrible tales of his playmates whose hands have been cut off and their tongues cut out.

Yesterday was All Saints' Day, and such a flocking down to the village church of peasants from the surrounding farms, all dressed in their Sunday best. After the mass, every one went out to the graveyard and put wreaths and crosses of flowers on the graves; then knelt down beside them and said a prayer for the dead. Many of the wreaths and crosses were tied with broad ribbons of red, white and blue, and stamped on the ribbon in gold letters, "Mort Pour la Patrie," (died for the country). Imagine the picture: a wild, windy day with dead leaves blowing about, from the high cathedral steeple bells tolling, and in the churchyard all these black-clothed figures kneeling, then the bright splashes of colored flowers, orange, pink, purple and red—the women's white net coifs like birds perching on their heads.

Well, it has been an ideal experience with the only drawback that I have had a constant ache of loneliness for my own home and you. This afternoon we go back to Paris and there receive our new orders. What will they be—aviation camp or canteen? I rather like the feeling that it is n't up to me to decide which—we are told to go and we go. I am wild to get to Paris and see if there is any mail for me from home. After all, perhaps that is the main card that is drawing me so

unreluctantly from St. Jean. ¶ Good-bye, Mother and Father, and good-bye butter, eggs and broiled chicken. " C'est la guerre—que voulez-vous? "

Love, love, love,
Doris.

P.S. Please let me know if you receive the postals I sent from here. There is talk that no picture cards leave France unless enclosed in envelopes, and mine were not.

Hotel Madison,
48 Rue des Petits Champs,
Paris, November 8th, 1918.
Afternoon.

Dear Family:

SO " la guerre est vraiment fini! " Can it be true? Yes, it is because we got it first hand just this minute at the American Red Cross Headquarters; " armistice signed at the Ministry of War this morning at eleven o'clock—all hostilities ceased this afternoon at two." Now Junior won't be killed! Jack, Bill Kite, Dunbar, etc., nor will Tom, Dick or Harry. No more long, slowly moving trains of wounded will be coming from the Front and no more ambulances go jolting along the roads. I just met an American boy, and I asked him if he had heard the news. " Yes, I have, all right, all right. I just met a French fellow and he grabbed me and kissed me on both cheeks. *Good night!!!* "

Well, now I shall barely exist until I see the news in huge headlines in the newspapers: then, I think I may be able to believe it is so. It really is almost too much to take in. I *can not* realize it.

Next morning.

Al and I were up this morning at break of dawn and pounced on the first papers that came out. Still no definite news, contradictions as to the signing of the armistice. Well, I at least really believe that the thing was done yesterday morning as we heard. When we went to get the order for our railroad tickets to Toul, the Red Cross officer said to us, "You had better hurry and get there or you won't be able to go," which of course was not really so, but just made me realize the utter change in things.

With the American Army,
Somewhere in France,
November 10th, 1918.

Dear Family:

AT last we are with them, "*our boys*," and in one of the most active and exciting American Headquarters in France. Jove, but it is great to be here! We left Paris yesterday on an early morning train and after about an hour out, we struck Chateau Thierry. From there we followed the Marne battlefield as far as Dormans. It was a most thrilling sight, those towns battered to ruins, trees

struck down, fields and hillsides peppered with all sizes of shell holes; we saw many dugouts, and scattered all about, small bare graves marked with a simple wooden cross and the steel helmet of the soldier buried there—I saw one with a Boche helmet on the cross. Well, it was a most interesting ride, and when our train began to move more slowly, we realized that we were going to be awfully late. When it got dark and we were allowed no lights whatever, but passed along in utter darkness, why then it was n't very difficult to realize that we were quite in the war zone. You know I was pleased to death when during a stop I heard a voice outside our compartment window mutter, " They ain't a-goin' to pull out yit." That was real "American talk," as the Poilus say, and I realized that we, too, have our patois

As soon as we arrived here at Toul, it seemed that an avalanche of American boys poured down upon us, offering to carry our bags and see us to the Red Cross canteen. I never realized before that our Yanks were so big and broad and kindly, and we seemed to look pretty kindly to them too. After meeting our new Directrice, we were ushered down the street to a room in a large, high, damp and—well no matter—apartment house, our future home.

Next day.

" My gully! " as Father says, when can I begin to tell you of all the wonderful things I 've seen and done in these first short fourteen hours in the American War

Zone? ¶ It is easy to choose my first story, as it is the very most hair-raising thing I 've seen since I 've been in France. We were eating our luncheon this noon when we suddenly heard booming of cannon. As we had been told that our men were storming M— today, we at once said, "Ah! those are the guns shelling A—." A few minutes later some one casually said, " I wonder if it could be the anti-aircraft guns? " With that we all went to the window, and there up in the sky right in front of us, and not *one bit* far off, we saw the white puffs of shells bursting all about a Hun plane. We watched the fight with bated breath, until suddenly I think I ceased breathing when I saw the machine begin to turn and twist and pitch wildly down toward the earth. " We 've got it! " we all yelled, and a great clapping of hands went up from the boys standing below us in the street. I can never tell you the sensation I had, as I watched with open mouth and popping eyes the huge grey bird come swirling down, just like a great metal sinker on a fishing line, that is nickel-plated on one side and grey on the other. And then in the midst of the falling, a small, peaceful light object separated itself from the plane and came sailing quietly toward earth. It was the parachute bringing its Boche prisoner into our lines. Well, it was all like a wild dream, and to think that my only thought was of joy and satisfaction that our boys had got their bird.

Well, to go back a bit. I was awakened this morning at about six by the heavy shuffling of feet passing below

our window. I jumped up and, looking down, had my first sight of our American boys on the march. " They're *our* boys, Al," I whispered, " and they are *coons!* " It was great to see them.

This morning reported at the Provost Marshal, took a look at the Red Cross canteen, the Officers' and Enlisted Men's Hotel, and the Rest House, and were given our orders to go on duty in the canteen this evening at seven.

This afternoon we were strolling toward the Rest House when we noticed ahead of us, and stretching far along the road on either side, crowds of khaki soldier boys. Our girls were giving them cigarettes and sweet chocolate, and so we pitched right in and helped. Poor kids, they looked about all in. They said this was the first candy they had had since they left the States. They called me " Smiles " and said, " Gee, the Red Cross is all right." I talked to their Lieut. who was so nice, and really he seemed touched with what we were doing. He said his men had been marching a long way, that they had n't had a hot meal for three days, and were so tired out that he had to give them a rest before they walked up the short hill ahead that led to the barracks where they were to be billeted for the night. Oh, it 's glorious to be helping one's *own* men! The Lieut. said to me, " We are all for the Red Cross," and I could n't think of anything else to say but, " We are working together, are n't we? "

I am frozen now and am going upstairs to our dining-

room which has a *bit* of the chill taken out of the air.

Love, love, love,

Dodie.

P.S. Spen and I had a great week together in Paris. He looks so husky and awfully swanky in his uniform.

With the American Army.
France.

Dear Family:

NOW it has come, Peace. I think I never should have been able to realize the glorious truth of it if I had been in any other place in the world but just here with these mobs of wild Yanks. Yesterday was the most thrilling one of all my life, and here 's a full account of it.

At about 10.45 in the morning I leisurely made my way down into the town to look up some place for us to sleep this Winter, some place where we could be just warm enough so that I might be able to hold a pen to write a letter. Well, I dropped in at the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House, and the person in charge calmly said, "And what will all you girls do now that peace is declared? " " Well, we can't count on that yet," said I. " Why, my dear child, don't you know that the armistice has been signed and that the armies cease fighting at eleven o'clock this morning? All the bells in Toul will ring out the hour." Well, I took a look at my watch and then tore—it was just five minutes to eleven. I made about sixty miles an hour to the apartment, and as I

flew up the stairs the chimes began their pealing. I burst into our room and gasped, "Al, do you know what those bells mean? They mean Peace!" With that Al and Muggsy Davis burst into tears, the joy was too great, and I went out on our balcony and looked up at the sky and just felt the great sensation of peace come rolling in. Up over my head six huge American aeroplanes were circling about to the tune of the chimes, and it was quite overwhelming. I thought of the sight I had seen from this same balcony only the day before, a Hun plane hurling down to earth, and then of the boom of cannon that had kept up steadily all during last night—our Yanks firing on Metz. "Eleventh hour, eleventh day, eleventh month, 1918—and all hostilities ceased."

Well, then I could n't stay out of the streets any longer, and so I joined the crowd that was swelling every minute, and we swayed down to the town square. And still people really could n't believe it. But there were the official signs already posted up on the street corners; "Germany having accepted all the conditions of the Entente, we will cease fighting at eleven o'clock today." There was such a broad grin on everybody's face and such a tremendous one on mine that I really was in pain. I circulated about with the crowd for a while but soon had to come back to the apartment to get ready for work. From four o'clock to seven, I, with two others, poured hot chocolate, served cakes and sandwiches, and gave out cigarettes to a never-ending

line of khaki boys. "All free today, boys, the Red Cross is giving a party. We are celebrating the Kaiser's funeral." Oh it was great! I had all sorts of presents handed me over the counter, a gas mask, a piece of ribbon a kid had taken off a German's iron cross, an aviator's pin, etc. The boys all wanted to talk about home, and the one question of the day was, " When are we going home, Nurse?" I heard so many stories that were more thrilling and romantic than any I have ever read in books.

At seven the new shift arrived and it was time for my dinner, but Muggsy rushed in—" The French are singing over at the station, it 's great, come on over." Of course I went. There, in a huge, dimly lighted smoking room, was a mob of Poilus and Yanks all singing at the top of their lungs to the accompaniment of one shrill mouth organ. We wormed our way into the crowd, the only two women in the place, and I said to one American boy, "Ask them to sing ' Madalon.' " A Poilu heard me and before I knew it, he had whispered something to the kid with a mouth organ, and I gasped to see the whole shouting crowd come swarming up to us. They formed a circle about us, and with Mugs and me as audience, they sang themselves hoarse. But I was n't just audience, I chimed in too, and we sang " Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag," and " There 's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding," and " Turn the Dark Cloud Inside Out," etc. Well, finally the bugle for the train sounded and our

party broke up. ¶ Mugs and I started toward home when we caught the notes of a band coming toward us. It was our 53rd regimental brass band and they were crashing out, " Over There." Jove, it was too thrilling! So Mugs and I got in the crowd of soldiers that were marching along and we all marched up to the square in front of the station and had a band concert. There was a long, high, concrete construction overlooking the crowd and a bunch of soldiers standing up on it. I said to Mugs, " I won't be happy until I get up there." So, many hands were reached down for us and we were hoisted up in a jiffy. One boy standing right on the tip end of the construction and under a bright street light had been giving a most startling pantomime with a French and an American flag to the tune of the music, and when he caught sight of me in my Red Cross veil, he beckoned wildly for me to come over. I hated to, said I would n't " do anything conspicuous," but he insisted and the boys handed me over till I was in his place and he in back of me with the two flags. Well, I always thought one's wedding was the only time that one could be really conspicuous, but know now that I was mistaken. The boys down there yelled, " Hurrah for the Red Cross," and smiled up and waved their caps. You know it was quite overwhelming. Then the band and the crowd moved on and a bunch of doughboys in an official car took us down into the town to see the sights. Yanks were giving a concert in the square and every one was laughing and smiling, French and American

officers and men and a handful of women. The band played, " Home, Sweet Home "—they ragged it, and waltzed it and did everything to it to make it gay, but I heard a boy beside me murmur, " There they go, makin' a fellow homesick again."

Well, everything has to come to an end, and as the town was tightly closed as far as drinks go, " Military Law," things had all quieted down by nine o'clock. So we decided to go home and have a bit of our long-delayed dinner.

And now it is " the day after," the 12th of November, 1918, and in thirty-five minutes I am due at the canteen to pour chocolate and serve sandwiches and talk to the boys—the last the best of all the game.

I have never before appreciated the wonderful respect of our boys for their women. It is a thing to be proud of. They treat us as though we might break if handled roughly, and I think would kill a man for using language in front of us that was n't clean. I am terribly proud of them.

Love,
Doris.

Hotel Madison,
48 Rue des Petits-Champs,
Paris,
November 21st, 1918.

Dearest Mummy and Poppy:

HOLD your breath and listen I 'm coming HOME! Yes, the die is cast. Today Spen engaged passage for Al and me on the SS. Lorraine, sailing from Bordeaux on Monday, the 2nd of December. We are walking on air, we are so happy, even though we had to take a second class cabin, all the first class being crammed full. But who should worry? We will be with *you* for Christmas. We have hopes of securing a first cabin the last minute, or if not that, we may be able to persuade the steward at least to let us eat in Spen's dining-room.

We expect to land on December the 12th or 13th, or even the 14th. What untold joy if I should see your dear faces waiting for me on the pier, or if not allowed out there, in back of the fence that encloses the pier yards! Now we sing gaily, " Over, we 're going over, and we won't come back 'cause it 's over, over here."

¶ I might write loads more, but we will be able to talk together so soon, and I have a bit of the flu and am going to bed. Dr. Clinton is with us in Paris, and Spen, Al, he and I make a cozy four at meals. He is a peach. I thought that I just had a bad cold, but he says it is the flu, but that the germ has become so attenuated and weakened that it can not produce pneumonia any more.

¶ I have ordered one good looking bronze chiffon velvet afternoon dress at Jenny's and that is all I shall attempt. Mummy, if you come to New York will you bring my pearls down? I ache with loneliness to feel them around my neck.

Well, dear parents, good night and a bientot. Vive l'Amérique!

Doris.

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